THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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THE MUSICIANS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ELLA WHEELER.

The strings of my heart were strung by Pleasure,
And I laughed when the music fell on my ear,
For he and Mirth played a joyful measure,
And they played so loud that I could not hear
The wailing and mourning of souls a-weary;
The strains of sorrow that floated around;
For my heart's notes rang loud and cheery,
And I heard no other sound.

Mirth and Pleasure the music brothers
Played louder and louder in joyful glee,
But sometimes a discord was heard by others,
Though only the rhythm was heard by me.
Louder and louder, and faster and faster
The hands of the brothers played strain on strain.
When all of a sudden a Mighty Master
Swept them aside; and Pain,

Pain the musician, the soul-refiner,
Restrung the strings of my quivering heart,
And the air that he played was a plaintive minor,
So sad that the tear-drops were forced to start.
Each note was an echo of awful anguish,
As shrill as solemn, as sharp as slow,
And my soul for a season seemed to languish
And faint with its weight of woe.

With skillful hands that were never weary,
This Master of Music played strain on strain,
And between the bars of the Miserere
He drew up the strings of my heart again.
And I was filled with a vague, strange wonder
To see that they did not snap in two.
"They are drawn so tight they will break asunder,"
I thought, but instead, they grew

In the hands of the Master, firmer and stronger;
And I could hear on the stilly air,
Now my ears were deafened by Mirth no longer,
The sounds of sorrow, and grief and despair.
And my soul grew tender and kind to others,
My nature grew sweeter, my mind grew broad,
And I held all men to be my brothers,
Linked by the chastening rod.

My soul was lifted to God and Heaven;
And when on my heart-strings fell again
The hands of Mirth and Pleasure, even,
There was never a discord to mar the strain.
For Pain, the Musician, the soul-refiner,
Attuned the strings with a Master hand,
And whether the music be major or minor,
It is always sweet and grand.

PEMBERTON;

OR,

One Hundred Years Ago.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY HENRY PETERSON.

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PART SECOND.

CHAPTER IV.

"This concurrence,
This opportunity, is in our favor,
And all advantages in war are lawful:
We take what offers without questioning."
—*Wallenstein.*

It was several weeks after the events related in our last chapter, when a young woman called one morning at Mrs. Pemberton's, and asked to see Miss Helen Graham for a few minutes at the door. Helen went out, and inquired as to her business.

"If you are Miss Hilen Graham," said the young woman, "Mrs. Malone wished me to stop and inquire whether your leddyship wanted any things washed yet this week?"

The woman spoke with a slight Irish accent, but was apparently a native of the colony.

"I have a few handkerchiefs and collars for her," replied Helen. "Come up stairs with me, and I will give them to you."

The woman followed Helen up into her room—closing the door of the chamber after her as she entered; and Helen soon made up a small bundle, and handed it to her.

As the woman took the bundle, she handed Helen, in return, a small sealed note, the familiar handwriting of whose address caused a glow to spread instantly over her features.

"I will wait a moment," said the woman, with a half smile, turning delicately away, and gazing out of the window.

The note ran thus:—

"My sweetest and dearest—

"You may trust the bearer of this, who is called Captain Fanny, implicitly. She has a message for you. I am not able, for it would not be wise, to write much relative to our private affairs—for this letter may perhaps be read by strangers. I am very well, however—and hope you will be able to assure me, in return, that the dearest girl in the world is as well as she is beautiful. Believe me ever and eternally your own A."

"Who gave you this?" said Helen, after thrusting the note into her bosom—looking attentively into the woman's face.

"Captain Andry"—in a low voice.

"The note you gave me speaks of a Captain Fanny."

"I am her."

"A captain?"

"They call me captin," replied the woman, laughing. "I care not."

"Are you a spy?" whispered Helen, while her face whitened.

"I am a spy," returned the woman carelessly. "Anything to aid a good cause, your leddyship knows."

"You have a message for me?"

"I have. Will your leddyship look the door?"

Helen did so—and from a pocket under her skirt, the woman produced a medium-sized pistol. Helen saw it was primed, and ready for use. Her visitor then by a considerable exertion of strength, unscrewed the barrel about the middle, and took from it a long slug. This also unscrewed, and disclosed a cavity which was filled with a roll of thin paper, closely written in a very small but clear handwriting.

"You see," said the woman, "if I am taken, or fear being taken, if I can only git a chance to discharge my pistol, they may search me after that as much as they plase."

Helen took the paper. "Take a seat," said she, "till I have time to glance over it."

While Helen is glancing over her note, let us say a word or two relative to her visitor. In the first place, Captain Fanny—though Helen did not know it, and never knew it—was not a woman, but a man. Francis Malone was one of those curious beings, who delight in disguises, merely for the sake of the disguise and the deception. As he was rather under the usual size, and slightly though strongly made, with a frame tough and elastic as whalebone, and as he also was naturally almost destitute of a beard, his most frequent disguise was that of a woman.

He was well looking, with blue eyes and sandy hair, and was thus enabled to personate not only a woman, but a young and pretty one. Many were the flirtations which he had indulged in when thus disguised—and great was the help which his feminine attire afforded him in his frequent journeys between the British and the Continental camps. A perfect mimic, and able to imitate the feminine voice and characteristics as one to the manner born, Fanny Malone—or Captain Fanny, as the supposed woman was frequently termed—was a universal favorite. She even stood high among the rude soldiery of both camps, for, as may be surmised, however she might flirt, her virtue was above suspicion.

But not only did she deceive the soldiers, Captain Fanny also deceived the Generals. All thought to the last that she was a woman. Washington, Sir William Howe, Sir Henry Clinton, and their respective officers attached to the secret service, were all deceived in this respect. And there is no doubt that André was also. For Fanny never forgot herself—and her acting was perfect.

But even more curious still, Captain Fanny deceived both parties as to her integrity. She professed the utmost loyalty to one side, the most devoted patriotism to the other; but the truth was, she served and betrayed both alike, except as personal preferences sometimes influenced her actions.

In fact, Francis Malone was one of those men who cared nothing for the principles involved in the contest. He did not care a particle which army succeeded. His only preference was that the war should go on; for he liked the business of a spy in itself, and he found it very profitable. The States might be poor, but Washington never thought of offering him Continental money. The British generals had plenty of gold, and they paid liberally. He evidently thought the whole contest a stupendous joke; and he fooled each party to the top of his humor.

But how could he do this? By never betraying any great secret of either party, and by conveying to each respectively a large amount of second-rate and yet useful information. It required adroitness—he gloried in possessing it. It required an infinite amount of plausible lying—he had not the least regard for veracity. And any one who has had experience of such a natural liar, knows that it is almost impossible to convict a man of falsehood, who never scruples to utter not only the first lie, but one hundred more, if necessary, to substantiate that first.

Every case has its exceptions. Francis Malone had his. He had no comprehension of great principles; but he had a keen sense of gratitude. In certain cases where an important favor had been done him, the Captain was the soul of truth and honor. He would not deceive or betray his benefactor, while he would serve him to the utmost of his power. This was Captain Fanny's sound point amid so much rottenness—if we may call that rottenness which, from the Captain's point of view, was merely harmless and profitable joking with a pack of lunatics, who had gone crazy to the point of fighting, upon a question of no consequence whatever.

When Helen had finished the reading of this second and more important letter, she placed it carefully in a small drawer, under lock and key, and turned again to her visitor.

"I am told that you can be trusted with perfect confidence?"

"It is so. I shall niver betray Captin Andry. Or the cause"—added she.

"Have you known Captain André long?"

"No—only a short time."

"I thought you spoke as if you knew him well." Helen was not in the least suspicious—but something in the tone with which André's name had been mentioned, had caught her ear as implying a certain warmth of feeling.

"Captain Andry once did us a great favor; and I niver forgit favors. Did you ever hear him tell of a boy he saved from Captain Cunningham's clutches?"

"The boy who was captured with a party of rebel soldiers?"

"The same boy. He was my brither, my leddy. I, nor none of us, will ever forgit it. Niver!"

Helen's face lightened. "I feel we may trust you entirely, my good girl," said she.

"To the black death!" replied Captain Fanny, earnestly.

"I cannot answer this letter at once. Suppose you bring home those articles in three or four days. Ask to see me. Could I find you at the washerwoman's, if I wanted you?"

"Yes. I'm boarding there. Ask for Mr. Malone, ef I don't come to the door."

"Mr. Malone?"

"Yes—I dress up like a man ginerally in Philadelfy."

"It must be very unpleasant to you."

"Yes, it is rather unpleasant, but I'm used to it. I think, my leddy, when you see me, you'll own I am a pretty nate-looking boy."

"I think you would be very good-looking—for a man; for you are really quite a pretty girl."

Captain Fanny laughed—"So the soldiers often tell me."

"You should be very careful how you trust yourself about the camps," said Helen gravely, with a world of warning and caution in her tones.

"I am, my leddy, very careful indeed. We poor girls haven't much but our repitation, and when that's gone, there's nothing lift," and the girl put a corner of her check apron to her face, to hide, as Helen thought, her modest blushes—but really to conceal her smiling, for the whole scene was perfectly delightful to Captain Fanny.

Fanny then took up the bundle, and making a very excellent courtesy indeed as she left the room, took her way down stairs, and out of the house.

Helen watched at the head of the stairs, until she heard the front door close upon her visitor, and then returned to her room. Looking the door, and unlocking the drawer, she took from it André's letter. But before she set herself to giving it another and more careful perusal, she took the first note from her bosom, and having read and re-read that, and pressed it again and again to her lips, in a fashion not uncommon with very impassioned lovers, she placed it in a box, sweetly scented, among a number of others which evidently were written in the same graceful hand.

The other and longer letter, which she then sat down to consider, read as follows:—

"Light of my eyes, will you pardon me for writing you a mere business letter? But it is in a case of the utmost importance to the good cause. We are in some perplexity, and I thought perhaps you could aid us. Sir H. C. has recently received several anonymous letters from P.—and he is very anxious to know who is the writer. All the signs point to one man. You remember the name of that girl you told me you disliked so at Bethlehem. If he is the man, he is worth winning back to his allegiance. He may become perhaps a second General Monk, and put an end to this unhappy war between brethren. Monk was made Duke of Albemarle. The man, or men, who can restore peace and union to the Kingdom, will surely not miss of their reward. The Colonies shall have a Parliament like England, including a House of Lords, men ennobled for their services to the King; and a Viceroy, with kingly state. You need not hesitate to name these rewards, if he is the man—nor he to name them in confidence to others. At the first great success of the King's arms, this plan will be announced. Everything will be granted to the Colonies but Independence. Everything must be done to keep the Kingdom united, and to defeat Roman Catholic France, the great foe of England and the Protestant faith.

"Sweet, you know I am ambitious—but it is not for myself alone—it is for you also, my peerless one! Perhaps I may yet take my seat in an American House of Lords, and be able to place a coronet on your beautiful brow. What is life, without some great aim? Of course we may fail—but life is dignified and ennobled, even if Fame and Station are not won.

"I know you will as gladly aid in the work, as take your part in the reward—and enjoy the reward the more, because you have thus aided in achieving it.

"I would not expose you to danger, but there can be no risk for you, if you are prudent—and, at the very worst, there is only the risk of your being sent into our lines, where you would find a hearty welcome from all loyal souls—to say nothing of my private longing to see you.

"As to the rightfulness of a man's coming back to his allegiance, who can doubt it? General Charles Lee went over from the King's service to the rebels, on condition that they should make up the loss of his commission to him, and their Congress did it, and made him next highest to Washington. If a loyal man can thus become a rebel, how much more rightfully can a repentant rebel become a loyal man! These, and other considerations, will doubtless occur to your own quick wit—as also the way in which you had better approach the man. If it is the one I suppose, in writing me call him Vasa. Answer by the bearer as soon as convenient. Use no more names in writing than are absolutely necessary—though our precautions against discovery are I think admirable. Your loving A.

"Burn this letter as soon as you have carefully read it. Of course speak of it to no one. Be wise as a serpent, as you are innocent as a dove. Again farewell, sweetest and dearest!"

Three times did Helen peruse this letter, until every line and word was fully impressed upon her memory. Then ordering a light to be brought up, which she was in the habit of doing, for sealing-wax was then commonly used in sealing letters, and she had several correspondents among her old school-mates in various parts of the country, she committed the hazardous epistle to the flames.

This done, Helen sat down to think. The mission entrusted to her was not entirely pleasant, for it involved secrecy and finesse, and her natural disposition was so frank and open, that anything that savoured of concealment was distasteful to her. But not for a moment did she hesitate on that account. Neither did a thought of there being anything wrong in the trust confided to her, take definite shape in her mind. She accepted it just in the light that her love had presented it—a repentant man was anxious to return to his duty, a distracted kingdom was to be reunited on liberal terms, the sacred cause of Protestantism was to be maintained against its ancient enemy. That in aiding and encouraging a repentant rebel to return to his duty to his King, she would be acting a dishonorable part, was an idea that never even entered her mind. There might be some risk in doing so, as she might thus incur the enmity of bad or misguided men, but Danger went often in this world hand in hand with Duty.

Then she should be aiding her lover in his plans—his duties, his ambitions—and her eyes kindled, and her cheeks glowed. This consideration would have swept away any small conscientious obstacles, if such there were. And, besides, she had her own ambition. She would rather of course marry John André, plain captain though he was, than a King's son; but still she fully sympathized with his craving for distinction and glory. That thirst for Fame which is "the *last* infirmity of noble minds," she was not above, for him, however little comparatively she cherished it for herself. To see him take that high place to which his natural make and qualities entitled him—and she by his side, a coronet perhaps, as he had said, encircling her brow—this would be worth toiling and striving for indeed! The narrow walls of Helen's chamber, as she thus mused, expanded into a palace—the plain Quaker furniture changed into costly mirrors, and silken curtains, and paintings and statues—and through lofty colonnades she moved in queenly attire, and her name was Helen André!

"Why, Helen, where have you been all this while? Dinner is almost ready. I thought you were out, and have been sitting in the parlor waiting for you to come in."

Helen came back to her ordinary life with a start, as Isabella entered and thus accosted her. "I have been building castles in Spain, Sis. Pleasant work, is it not?"

"I think it quite excusable in your circumstances, pretty one," replied her sister, lovingly. "I wish this hateful war were over—if only for your sake, *ma belle Helene.* But, come, let us go down to dinner."

Helen was rather absent-minded the remainder of that day. One question that she put to Pemberton may show us, however, where her straying thoughts were.

"Arthur—was not General Lee an officer in the British service, before he took up arms under the Colonies, against the King?"

"He was."

"Did not Congress agree to compensate him for his pecuniary loss in making the change?"

"They did."

"Was it honorable in him and them?"

"What's up now?" said Pemberton, smiling. "I have not heard you talk so much politics for six months."

"I am not talking politics, Arthur. I am simply asking for information."

"Well, if you mean to ask whether I consider Lee acted honorably in coming over to us, I answer, that I do not suppose the mere fact of entering into the King's service binds a man forever after, so that he can never again have a mind and judgment of his own. Lee thought the mother country wrong, and he preferred to fight on the side of the Colonies. Therefore he resigned his commission, gave up his half-pay, and was paid in return thirty thousand dollars, and made second-in-command in the Continental army. It strikes me that it was all plain sailing."

"Yes,—but it seems he really lost nothing by the transaction."

"I, myself," said Pemberton, "would have liked the look of the thing better, if he had made no stipulations with Congress; but this, after all, perhaps, is a mere matter of taste."

"Did not the British officers call him a traitor?"

"Yes—but that charge would not hold. For, when they had him a prisoner, they forbore to press it. You see, Helen, the point was this—he resigned his commission and gave up his pay, before taking service with us. If he had not, I would not have given much for his life."

"I think that shows the scrupulous care with which the King's officers discriminate in all cases involving military honor," said Helen. "And this was a case in which a loyal gentleman had become a rebel."

"It certainly was a proof of the good sense of the British officers, Helen. And I think this is a ground that we can both unite on. You know I dislike to differ with you, *ma belle Helene.*"

"And I with you, Arthur. I don't know what I would not give, if you only thought in this matter as I do. And there is Bella, too"—and Helen put her handkerchief to her eyes, for she indeed felt very sadly about it at times.

"No matter, Helen, sweet," said Isabella, passing her arm around her and kissing her; "all will come right, some time. And if we do not see alike in this matter, that is no reason why Arthur and I should not love you and John better than anybody else in the wide world."

And Helen returned the warm, sisterly kiss, and was quieted for the time, if not entirely comforted.

MONUMENT TO CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS AT GENOA, NORTHERN ITALY.

This engraving has, of course, no connection with either of our serials, but we give it as interesting in itself—and in order to attach a suggestion to it.

No monument in honor of Columbus, if we are rightly informed, has been erected upon this Western Continent—certainly not within the limits of the United States; and the great Hemisphere he discovered, is not even called by his name. Would it not be appropriate therefore, either to take measures to erect such a monument in this city, in time for the great Centennial Celebration, or else, at that time, to seek to interest those who shall be present from all portions of the Union, in the erection of a monument which shall embody in some little degree the admiration and affection of the American people for the great discoverer who gave, not only to Castile and Leon, but to all mankind, a New World?

CHAPTER V.

Fair lady, you are bold; and, by Saint Judas,
You need be bold as she who slew Marat,
To come on such an errand.

In a room on the first floor of his handsome house in Market street, the same room in which Isabella had obtained the pass from Sir William Howe—and which had been elegantly fitted up for his library and office—sat General Benedict Arnold.

Things had not improved with General Arnold since his conversation with Mr. Pemberton. Congress had done as he had been forewarned—had refused to adopt the favorable report of its own investigating committee, and had directed the Commander-in-chief to institute a Court Martial. Arnold's marriage, however, already arranged for, had gone on. The beautiful and charming Margaret Shippen, a daughter of one of the best families in the State, had become his wife. That he loved her with all the ardour of his passionate nature, there is no reason to doubt. And she loved and admired him—partly for himself, and partly for his high position and his military fame. The brave to the end of time will always be admired by the fair.

Arnold had rented one of the largest and handsomest houses in the city, had married a wife accustomed from her earliest years to luxury and expense, and was now living on intimate terms with the highest and most extravagant circles of the metropolis.

And he had no money, save his little stipend of pay, and the uncertain profits of various mercantile speculations, which it was scarcely consistent with his military position to have anything to do with.

It seemed in the very nature of the man to live showily and extravagantly, as if he would dazzle the eyes of men with his prodigality, as he had dazzled their imaginations with his dauntless and almost superhuman courage.

But he had no money.

Bills and impatient creditors came pouring in upon him. He put them off with stories of his large claims upon Congress, which when settled would afford him the means of freeing himself from debt. But Congress turned a deaf ear to his constant importunities—would not even take any definite action upon his claims.

As Arnold sat this day in his study, and mused upon these things, his thoughts, for a newly-made bridegroom, were dismal enough.

"Was it for this he had exposed his life on countless occasions—stormed the barriers of Quebec, fought his galleys on the lake, faced the leaden storm and very whirlwind of war at Bemis's Heights? Granting that he had been careless in his accounts, had made entries perhaps not entirely justifiable—he had given also of his own services with a careless and lavish hand. Similar services often had been recompensed by kings, with the gifts of titles and large estates—but Congress haggled over a few paltry thousands, in the sum which was due him."

And then his thoughts reverted to those

promotions of others over his head, which always inflamed his proud spirit to the utmost. St. Clair—what had St. Clair done? Stirling—what had he done? that they should be preferred before him. What had any of them done, to entitle them to stand even upon his level?

A gentle tap was heard at the door. "Come in!" he cried, without rising from his seat.

The door opened. "I called to see Mrs. Arnold, General, and finding she was not in, concluded to wait for her a little while. The servant said you were in the library, and I had the unpardonable assurance, you see, to beard the lion in his den."

It was Helen Graham that spoke, and at the sight of her, the General sprang up, and gallantly handed her to a chair. Helen had been one of the bridesmaids at the wedding, being on quite familiar terms with Miss Shippen.

"My dear Miss Helen, I am delighted to see you," said Arnold. "It was like you to drop in upon me here, and cheer me up a little."

"Cheer you up!" replied Helen, opening her eyes as if wonder-stricken. "What treason to love and the honey-moon!"

"Ah, Miss Helen, you ladies think that love is all. But here am I, a disabled soldier, which is bad enough—awaiting a Court-Martial, not from the red-coats, which would be very natural, one would think, considering the injury I have done them, but from my own ungrateful countrymen."

Arnold's face flushed—he could not talk calmly upon this subject even to a lady, nor avoid talking upon it.

"Perhaps if you had been serving the King, instead of the Colonies, you would have experienced different treatment," rejoined Helen.

"I have heard that you were a little of a Tory, Miss Helen."

"If you mean by a Tory, a loyal woman, I am all a Tory, General. And I only regret that so brave a man as you are is not also on the right side."

"I suppose it would be a good deal better for me financially, if I were," replied the General bitterly. "I do not think any government on earth, with the exception of this Rump Congress, would have the meanness to treat a faithful soldier as I have been treated."

"Why then do you submit to it?" asked Helen, lowering her voice. "You know how a Rump Parliament was adroitly overturned by a man not so brave and not more influential than you. Why do you not give peace to this distracted country, preserve the Kingdom, and win for yourself the most glorious name on this American continent? I ask you why?"

Arnold gazed intently at her for a moment without replying. He seemed to feel that the conversation had entered upon dangerous ground. He knew what in his madness he had already done—and he knew not whether this was a simple, natural conversation, or a lure. If the latter, who was the fowler—and on which side of the contest did he stand?

Opening a drawer in the table by his side, he took from it a large, horseman's pistol. Then he fixed his eyes sternly on his visitor, and said in a cold, ominous voice:—

"About a year ago, Miss Helen Graham, a man dared to talk to me, as you are talking now. Do you know the answer I made him? I said not a word. But I took out this pistol, cocked it as I do now, and levelled it directly at his forehead."

As Arnold said this, he levelled the pistol at the smooth white brow of the woman before him. Helen's cheek paled, and her heart beat as if it must be heard, but she blenched not a hair's breadth from the line of the barrel, and her face assumed that firm, undaunted look which men of her race had worn in the stormy centuries before, in battle and on the scaffold.

Still holding the pistol thus pointed, and with his finger playing near the trigger, Arnold continued sternly:—

"He soon understood that hint, and slunk from the room like a cowed spaniel."

"Indeed!" said Helen scornfully. "But he must have been of some common strain, and not a Graham. I really think I can see the ball in that pistol," and she leaned forward, and put one of her eyes to the terrible muzzle.

Arnold uncocked the weapon, and laid it deliberately back in the drawer. "Whatever else you may be, Miss Helen, at least you are no coward."

"Nor tattler either, if I am a woman. I remember well a story my father once told in my hearing. He said that when General Monk was meditating his great project—'honest George Monk,' he said the soldiers called him—his brother came to see him with a message from the King. 'Have you spoken to any one else on this subject?' inquired Monk. 'Only,' replied his brother, 'to your chaplain, in whom I know you have the greatest faith.' Monk said nothing, but it was enough—he listened no further to what his brother had to say, but changed the conversation to unimportant matters. That anecdote I shall never forget. If I had a message for the King, I should not prate about it even to his most trusted counsellor."

Arnold seemed lost in thought for a few moments. Then he said abruptly:—

"Show me your papers."

"I have no papers. I have burned them, to avoid all risk—as I was ordered."

"Why should I trust you?"

"Because, in the first place, as you see, I am no coward.

"Good, so far; I hate cowards!"

"Secondly, because I am Helen Graham. And, thirdly," and her voice sunk to a whisper—while maiden modesty caused it to quiver as fear could not—"because I am the betrothed of Captain André."

"Enough!" said Arnold, drawing a deep breath. "I will not say as yet what I will, or what I will not do. I must take time to consider. That I am not pleased with the way things are going, every one may know. That this Congress is but little better than the Rump Parliament, many of our best officers do not hesitate to say. That the French Alliance is a deception and a snare, the whole country is beginning to believe—What a perfect farce that attack on Rhode Island was! The French are fools on land, and cowards at sea—But how to mend all this?—that is the question. If Congress should come to its senses, and resolve to do me justice, I should hate to kick out of the traces. But I will not serve men who seem to consider my most important services as worth no recompense. Such men are neither fit nor able to govern. It is my nature to seek the high rewards of life—and I will have them! If not from one set of men, then from another. But I heard the front-door close just now—Mrs. Arnold must have come home."

The door of the library opened, and a very handsome woman entered—Tarleton said afterwards, when she went to England, that she was the handsomest woman in England.

"And so, General, you are having a nice, cosy time with Miss Helen, are you?" cried Mrs. Arnold, in a lively tone. "I must say that I admire your taste."

"Yes, it is universally admitted now, Margery, that I have an admirable taste in women. Where have you been, Sweet?"

"Out shopping; buying a lot of trumpery, as you gentlemen say. You look rosy, Miss Helen. Has the General been complimenting you? Do not believe him—he is, like all military men, a sad deceiver."

"Oh, he has been very far from employing his time so pleasantly—to me—as that. We have had quite a serious talk, have we not, General?"

"Never had a more serious one in my life," replied Arnold.

"What! it is getting serious already, is it?" exclaimed the gay young bride. "Ah! General, I thought you promised me never to flirt any more."

"I don't know that I ever promised you anything of the kind, Margery," replied he, half smiling, half serious. "I think there was no necessity of my making such a promise. But as for you, my Bird of Paradise, what security have I that your heart will not fly away some day, and leave me forsaken and disconsolate?"

"Now, hear the General, Helen! You would not think from the way he talks, that half the young ladies in Philly were dying for him—and when I carried off the prize, could have stabbed me with their knitting needles."

And so the happy bride rattled on, until Helen, saying that she had stayed too long already, bade adieu, and took her departure.

And Helen never walked with a prouder and more queenly step than she did that day. She had done something, she thought, for a good cause; and, more, she had done what it would please her lover well to hear. There could be little doubt, but that Arnold was the author of those letters. If he were not, he was almost ready to enter into such a correspondence. Nothing but such a change in the action of Congress as was not at all probable, would prevent him, in case the Colonial cause grew no brighter, from gradually settling down upon the loyal side. And he might begin and inspire a defection as momentous in its results as that of General Monk, in the great contest between Charles the Second and the Long Parliament.

Of course I am picturing both Helen and André—and Arnold also—as they were, and in the light of their own feelings and convictions. I am not representing Helen as feeling upbraidings of conscience on account of her efforts to overthrow a cause which she believed to be unjust and wrong—simply because she felt no such upbraidings of conscience. On the contrary, she felt precisely as a young lady on the American side would have felt, who thought she could aid in bringing over to her own party some influential British general. Even were that general Sir Henry Clinton himself, and the result most disastrous to the royal arms, and he be rendering himself liable to the charge of treason, it is not to be supposed that she would suffer very greatly in her conscience on that account. In truth, it is probable that in such a very supposable case, the young "rebel" lady in question would rejoice even in proportion to the mischief she was able to work the enemy—and that her countrymen would hold her forever afterwards in high esteem, instead of in detestation.

In all such cases, everything depends upon the point of view. From Helen and André's point of view, the whole proceeding looked glorious and honorable. Arnold was a brand to be snatched from the rebel burning. And the result was to be Peace and the lasting Union of the British Empire—on terms entirely satisfactory and honorable to the Colonies.

Of course, there was another side to the question—a very weighty and powerful, and, as it proved, the decisive side—but our concern is not with that, just at present.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ The Chicago Post recommends oyster cans as Dolly Vardens for dogs.

☞ Dolly Varden bathing suits will be all the rage this summer.

☞ A party of gypsies were in Danbury recently. The News says: "Those people appear to think a good deal of their native land; they carry it around with them."

☞ A New Haven parrot barks so near like a dog that every cat in the neighborhood has grown prematurely gray.

☞ Judy's shop boy won't get up in the morning. He says it's sleep year.

☞ The alligator season has opened in Florida, and the absorption of the pensive angler or confiding bather is matter of daily record.

☞ The Chicago Post says: "We are likely to have an early spring. The bark on the north side of the dog is thinner than usual."

☞ A Missouri editor considers that the ears of his political opponents "would do for steeples to meeting-houses."

☞ An ingenious Chicago lady has made $17,000 out of the relief fund, by personating the "forlorn maiden," "lone widow," "wife of a sick husband," etc., successively.

☞ A pupil in one of our public schools recently revised an old saying found in his grammar, as follows: "It is better to give than to receive—a good licking."

☞ An English vegetarian offered his wife two alternatives, either to abstain from the use of animal food, or to get a divorce. She chose the latter.

☞ "Dolly Varden" neckties, and "Sairey Gamp" umbrellas have appeared.

☞ They fine men one dollar and costs at Biddeford, Me., for stealing a diamond.

☞ Dolly Varden cough and cold balsam is the last.

> One by one the green leaves wither,
> One by one the roses pine,
> One by one the Pension Agents
> Steal the funds, and then resign.

☞ The time to possess your soul in patience is when your hat blows off in the street, and your eyes are too full of dirt to see which way it goes.

☞ A printer's devil in an Omaha newspaper office was bitten by a dog some days ago. After lingering several days death put an end to the sufferings of the dog.

☞ A Southern paper tests our credulity with this: "A Florida negro ate two bushels of dried apples on a bet, refreshed himself at the town pump, and burst."

☞ A grocery store at Waterville, Me., displays the following notices: "Candies And Nuts Of All Kind, Cigars, Tobacco, Figs, Pipes, Crackers For Sail Here. Also Apples Per the Peck Or Per the Piece."

☞ A Dutchman, complaining of bad neighbors, says his pigs come home with their ears split, and that the last time two of the hens came home missing.

☞ A New Jersey man has named his baby Development Brown.

☞ Georgia has a hermit who lives on birds, grasshoppers, and reptiles, without cooking, writes poetry, and has composed a very extensive work on the ornithology of the state, which, to judge from his diet, he must be very competent to write about.

☞ A noble Ohiteebee warrior, after having lived for several weeks on his wife and two children, was himself shot and eaten by his dutiful son, who is now the only representative of a united family.

☞ A Poughkeepsie hand-organ grinder dresses his monkey in a "Dolly Varden."

☞ Skowhegan, Me., offers an alluring bait for Barnum in the form of a citizen who measures two yards around what he is pleased to call his waist, and weighs nearly a quarter of a ton.

☞ "How to choose a wife," is one of the most common and attractive headings in the Salt Lake journals. "How to get a divorce," is the favorite in Chicago.

☞ Artificial milk is manufactured in France quite extensively from a preparation of prepared bones.

☞ An Irish paper concludes a biography of Robespiere with the following sentence: "This extraordinary man left no children except his brother, who was killed at the same time."

☞ A CALIFORNIA OBITUARY.—"The deceased was a talented man of a romantic nature. He placed the butt of his gun in the fire while he looked down the muzzle, and departed hence spontaneously."

THE STORY OF LILITH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY LOUISE SCHEPLERN.

Come to arms, my Alice,
Lay your head on my shoulder—so,
While I tell you a sorrowful story
Of the children long ago.

Once in the dark old ages
Ere the Saviour's name was known,
A cloud hung over the people,
And fear was in every tone:

Over the house of the ruler,
And the peasant's hut as well,
Through the length and breadth of the country
A sickening terror fell.

And many a sad-eyed mother
With shuddering fear oppressed,
Clasped with a passionate fervor
Her baby unto her breast.

'Twas said that the beautiful Lilith,
Adam's wicked demon wife,
Over the earth was wandering
In search of each innocent life.

And oft she was seen at nightfall,
With a scowl on her face so fair,
While over her arms and shoulders
Rolled her tawny golden hair.

When was heard, so runs the legend,
In the twilight chill and late,
Far off with a sullen cadence
The clang of an iron gate,

Men knew that the wicked Lilith
In the dusk of evening gray,
Had darkened the eyes of a mother
And taken a child away.

Away to her drear dominion,—
And the gate with sullen roar,
Barred out each hope of rescue
From the darling, seen no more.

For those hands, so white and shapely,
Ne'er relaxed their cruel hold
Till the innocent life was strangled
In meshes of tawny gold.

What, you are trembling, my Alice,
Hush, darling, mother is here,
The dear Christ loves little children,
And so you have nothing to fear.

And if you should waken some morning,
Listen, dear, to what I say,
If you should waken some morning
And find the baby away,

You would know that at night while sleeping,
His forehead the angels kissed,
And he was not enfolded by Lilith,
But by Mary, Mother of Christ.

And perchance on hinges of music
Turn the beautiful Gates of Pearl,
As their white wings at the threshold
The guardian angels furl.

So to-night, my own little Alice,
When "Now I lay me," you say,
Remember the old time children
Who never were taught to pray,

And thank the Merciful Father
That Mary, the Mother mild,
Has banished the wicked Lilith,
And watches o'er every child.

LA GITANA.

PART I.

It was a very bleak and desolate-looking common, with the brightest of midsummer suns pouring down hot beams upon it. Not a vestige of grateful foliage nor a cool glint of water was within sight, and the only produce of the arid soil consisted of some withered and dwarfish bushes of the yellow furze, diversified with stinging nettles and scanty patches of sickly grass, upon which a few cattle slothfully grazed. Beasts so wondrously poor and lean, that they appeared barely equal to the arduous task of nibbling the dry and scorched blades that formed their most uninviting meal.

Yet, strange to say, human beings had voluntarily chosen dreary and lonely Thornleigh Heath for a temporary abiding-place. True, they were not folks to be over-fastidious as to comfort and requirements, for they were only a tribe of gypsies, composed of men and women of various nations, who presented for the most part not only an unpleasant, but even a formidable, aspect to the eye. Savage and swarthy, uncouth in gesture, loud in gesticulation, and principally vagabonds and thieves, they had been tracked for their petty larcenies by the myrmidons of the law, and unearthed like foxes from hole to hole, seeking rest and finding none, for many long and weary leagues. On the isolated and dreary common they found themselves free from molestation for awhile, and were enabled to take a fill of idleness, which, to their indolent natures, was in itself the perfection of luxury.

The small and dingy tents were pitched *pêle-mêle* here and there, in close contiguity, and the huge unwieldy caravans were drawn together, so as to form some slight shelter from the burning rays.

Just where the coolest shadows slanted down upon a gaudy parti-colored shawl that was carefully spread out upon the ground, reclined the head of the tribe. She was a native of Toledo, and in the palmy days of youth she had probably been the peerless belle of its famous Alcazar. Considerably past the half of a century, and far above the average height of her sex, she presented a very masculine appearance, with big sinewy limbs, that the tucked-up sleeves of the bodice, and the short embroidered kirtle she wore, fully displayed to view.

From beneath the artistically arranged folds of a picturesque scarlet kerchief, tresses as jetty as the wing of the black-cock fell in dishevelled and rough masses round a broad and deeply-tanned face, that was indisputably coarse and bold in expression, but which yet owned a set of features as regular and grand as some Roman matron's.

Heavy bangles of gilt clasped her dusky wrists, and large crescents of the same ornamented her ears, while curious amulets engraved with barbarous-looking hieroglyphics were suspended around her ample neck. By her side stood a tall pitcher or vase of earthenware, full of a kind of sherbet, which she raised frequently and with the same facility to her lips as if it had been but a feather-weight.

From her lowly couch she watched covertly and severely, with eyes that were as black as sloes and as keen as a hawk's, the groups of her tawny 'progeny,' who lay about lazily on the encamping ground; the male portion of the community with long clay pipes in mouth, and the women in their fantastic but soiled finery, flitting about and laughing and jabbering in Babel-like confusion of tongues.

The afternoon was waning slowly but surely, and losing all patience—a virtue which she did not possess at any time to an eminent degree—the gypsy mother spoke out in a loud guttural voice, that especially in wrath sounded as harsh and as hard as the croaking of an ancient raven.

"Five o'clock by the sun, and I'll be sworn nightfall will soon be upon us; and it has quite escaped your memories, forsooth, that our larder lies empty, that not so much as the half of a widgeon's wing will grace our evening meal. Sebastian, Gomez, all of you fellows! in lieu of sprawling there like so many lay-figures, get hence and insnare a rabbit or a pullet. Drones, be quick, I say!" And in order to enforce her regal command, she waved imperiously a large muscular hand, while her accents waxed shriller and shriller. The men she addressed scowled fiercely at her under their dark beetling brows, but never attempted to move a jot from their recumbent positions.

"The sun is too hot to do your bidding, mother. If you desire the larder to be replenished, you will have to catch the game yourself," replied with an insolent laugh a moose-visaged gypsy, whom she had called Sebastian.

He was a Portuguese, with the worst and lowest type of his country impressed on his features, the look of which was not by any means improved by a deep and suspicious brand upon his narrow and receding forehead, and which was a small donation he had received on entering the *travaux forcés*. What with his low stature, his slouching and shuffling gait, and his hang-dog expression, he bore as fit an aspect for *gibier de potence* as could possibly be met with.

"Or if it pleases your majesty to take your ease, bid La Gitana go and sing to the town gentry hard by. With her pretty wiles and coy glances she could bring us back enough silver to buy a dozen evening meals if she willed it, I'll warrant; but, by Santa Maria, the young girl has grown mightily dainty of late, and *we* are not good enough for her smiles and looks," he added with a sneer, and a knowing wink of his cunning eye at a man who sat near him, and whose exterior was far cleaner and more civilized than all the rest of the motley company. His name was Ruperto, and he was a Spaniard, with the clear olive tint of his nation, and with a majestic and athletic figure that might have stood as a model for a youthful Hercules. His eyes were extremely bright and intelligent, and long glossy hair waved over her stalwart shoulders. Arrayed in a curiously-fashioned garb, that savored partly of a Royalist cavalier's, and partly of Robin Hood's, he was a very handsome specimen of his race. As Sebastian's innuendos fell upon his ear, his dark orbs flashed fire, the red blood rushed into his cheek, a heavy cloud passed over his brow, and there was an ominous glitter in his glance. He was a kinsman and a prime favorite of the "mother;" and presuming on his consanguinity and place in her affections, he always spoke out his will imperatively, when by force of mere habit, rather than from any feelings of friendliness or obedience, the other gypsies succumbed as a rule meekly to her control.

"And, by fierce Phœbus above, no weak woman shall do the work to save these hard and lusty fellows trouble. Come, rouse up, all of ye, and let us begone ere famished stomachs make your tempers hotter. Listen to me, good mother. La Gitana shall not be forced to sing and dance in these sultry hours, while so many strong arms are here to gain the cheer. Why should we tempt the cruel falcon with the dove, or drive the milk-white lamb right into the folds of the ravening wolves?" he asked angrily, stamping his heel.

"But where *is* La Gitana?" he added in a wondrously softer tone, as he looked anxiously round the caravans and tents in search of the subject of conversation, but returned disappointed and crestfallen in a minute or so to his seat.

"Where, indeed?" jeered Sebastian in an evil voice, that was full of mockery and malice, but which was greeted by all the group with noisy and undisguised hilarity.

Truly the poor Gitana was no object of love to most of her tribe, judging by the strong leaning to Sebastian's side in the matter in question.

Ruperto frowned as the unpalatable merriment rang out, and jumping quickly to his feet, he faced Sebastian with concentrated defiance and determination inscribed so legibly on his mouth, that the other man's face blanched suddenly to a strange and leaden whiteness.

Like most bullies and braggarts, Sebastian was a thorough craven at heart, and he trembled like an aspen leaf inwardly at the very unmistakable signs of wrath on his adversary's countenance.

"Where is she?" thundered Ruperto in a stentorian voice, that might have awakened the Seven Sleepers, and which startled all its listeners, while his fists appeared to Sebastian to take up a dangerous and most unpleasant vicinity.

He hesitated for a moment or so, mentally considering what manner of reply would be the safest to make to the evidently exasperated questioner; and then, on the principle that "a soft answer turneth away wrath," he said in low and whining tones, while his whole frame seemed to collapse with fear,

"In truth I know not where she is, Ruperto. By the Virgin Maria, I do not. How should I know, when, as all here are aware, I have never moved from this spot since cockcrow?"

Yet even when he persisted in his denial, a malicious twinkle in his eyes entirely denied his assertion; and Ruperto, chafing and fuming with rage and incipient jealousy, seized him by the ear, and shook him in his powerful grasp as easily as if he had been an infant; then throwing him down on his knees, he kept him there forcibly, while the culprit, without a struggle, resigned himself to his fate."

"Speak the truth, knave," Ruperto shouted, "or, by the soul of my dead father, I will murder thee! None shall dare to soil the plumage of my pretty bird, my Gitanella, my Rosa Silvestre, while I live to thrust back the foul slander down their throats. Tell me at once what thou meanest, or I will wring thy wretched neck, and still the pulses of thy black heart forever!"

"Take off thy hands—*Dios mio*, they clutch like an iron vice!—and I'll tell thee all I know," he pleaded piteously.

Ruperto unloosed his hold, and folding his brawny arms tightly across his chest as if to prepare himself to listen calmly, but in reality to press down the rapid throbs that his jealous feelings had excited, fronted him; while all the gypsies, rising simultaneously from their indolent positions, gathered around, including the mother, whom curiosity in the forthcoming recital had aroused from her turfy couch.

"*Your* pretty bird, Ruperto, has left her nest to perch on distant trees, and she has found another mate, I ween."

The narrator chuckled glibly, throwing a triumphant look at him whom he addressed.

"Leave alone riddling, and speak out plainly and boldly, Sebastian," vociferated the eager audience in one breath; while Ruperto's cheek grew whiter and whiter, and the thick moustache that shaded his upper lip failed entirely to conceal the pained quiver of his mouth.

"On yester-eve I wandered through the lanes that skirt the town hard by. Up in the sky the big moon sailed; but she was as coy as a maiden, and now and then she drew a dark veil over her face. I walked along with a slow and lingering gait, not searching for pale blossoms or golden-eyed buds peeping out of their green coverlid of leaves, but for some errant pullet that might have wandered from its roost, an unwary perch in the wayside pool, or even a sparrow or two to add to the good mother's pie. I crept noiselessly on by thicket and hedge, holding my breath so as not to frighten away my game. Then suddenly I heard a gentle little rustling where the long grass nods its tall and feathery head. I bent lower, and peered through the young branches of a blackthorn, and I saw—neither a pullet nor a sparrow, but—"

"What?" exclaimed a dozen voices, while Ruperto in silence staggered towards a caravan, and leant up heavily against its side.

"Ruperto's pretty dove La Gitana nestling close and loving beneath a falcon's wing—the milk-white lamb in the fold of a ravening wolf. Ay, there stood Rosa Silvestre, so cold and so proud to all her tawny race; so fond, so gentle, and so meek to the fair-haired stranger, with eyes as blue as the heavens are now, with a mien as stately and haughty as a noble hidalgo of Spain. I listened to the voices that kept murmuring on softly, like the waters of the broad Guadalquiver, and I heard—"

"*Misericordia!*" ejaculated Ruperto faintly, with big drops of cold perspiration starting upon his pallid brow, while his strong hands clung more tightly to the wheel which was his support.

"La Gitana cooed so sweetly to her mate that she hated the gypsy blood with the bitterest rancor, and loved but him in all the world!"

"*Grandes cielos!* the traitress! the serpent!" exclaimed the hearers in a voice.

But Ruperto, without uttering a syllable, seized his fowling-piece, and shouldering it, strode hastily towards the town, that lay about half a league from the heath.

"Thanks to thy meddling talk, Sebastian, the demon of mischief is brewing in that brain," said the mother angrily, as she pointed towards the retreating figure of her kinsman. "Run after him, one of you, and see that no harm come of the tale-bearing," she added persuasively.

"I will go, mother," answered a young English gypsy with a blooming, Hebe-like face.

She was dressed as a little Red Riding-hood, and had glittering coins interwoven in her glossy plaits of hair. Her eyes had been employed during the whole conversation in watching the expression of Ruperto's countenance, and were turned wistfully and regretfully still towards the direction he had taken.

"I heard them say that a great fair would be held in the market-square to-day, so I finished these for sale."

And she pointed to a heap of quaint-shaped baskets, manufactured with wonderful taste and adroitness from the common water-flags, and stained with the crimson juice of wild berries.

"The fair is not held till to-morrow at noon-day, Hilda; so thine excuse falls to the ground," laughed and jeered some of the party, while the girl blushed like a peony over brow and neck at her subterfuge being discovered.

Ruperto was very dear to her heart, and consciousness of her feelings imparted a curious awkwardness to her usually bold manner.

"See how the red blood mounts in her cheek! Why not confess, girl, that thy footsteps go after Ruperto as naturally as the sparks fly upward?"

"It matters little what the waging tongues say to thee, Hilda; mind my bidding, and see that Ruperto's neck runs not into danger," desired the mother, in an authoritative tone.

Hilda, eager to obey, lingered no longer; but leaving all her baskets on the grass, she sped, swift and light of foot as a mountain chamois, over the common, until she arrived within a short distance of the object of her anxiety. Then she tripped noiselessly along behind him; while Ruperto, entirely absorbed in his own fears and unhappiness, never dreamed even of her proximity.

He walked with giant strides on and on, never pausing until he reached the outskirts of the little town; then, after a momentary hesitation, he turned down a long and narrow lane.

The evening shadows were beginning to fall, and the pleasant twilight was increased by the entwining branches overhead of the trees that edged the road on either side. A high hedge ran along as well, skirting the way, rich and fragrant with honeysuckle and the yellow jasmine; and every now and then on the stillness of the lovely spot the sweet note of a bird sounded plaintively upon the ear.

But the gypsy, with a heavy cloud upon his handsome face, and evil passions warring tumultuously in his broad breast, heeded naught around him that savored of bird or flower. His great black eyes peered curiously hither and thither into the pervading gloom, and his fingers kept clutching involuntarily and nervously at the weapon that he carried.

Suddenly he came to a dead halt, and hiding himself behind the gnarled trunk of an old oak, he watched, with the keen pangs of jealousy and with murder in his soul, two figures in his vicinity that leant over a rustic stile, engrossed in themselves and oblivious of the rest of the world.

The moon was scarcely arisen from her azure bed, but the light of myriads of stars was quite enough to reveal to Ruperto the slight waist of the being he worshipped with the wild vehemence of gypsy natus encircled by another man's arm, while a long fair moustache drooped close against La Gitanella's raven tresses.

The sight curdled the blood in his veins, and even stunned him for a moment, as though a severe blow had been dealt him; then he seemed, as it were, to stagger into a full consciousness of the scene. Pale as ashes, even to his lips, he drew himself together as if to collect his strength; then, pointing the gun steadily, he deliberately pulled the trigger; but a quick jerk to his arm sent the deadly missile upwards. La Gitanella and her lover were safe; and Hilda, trembling and faint, clung passionately to Ruperto's breast. Looking down in undisguised amazement, he saw whose face rested so near to his own, and with a gesture of angry impatience hurling her violently to the ground, he stalked rapidly away. His vengeance remained unsatisfied, his heart was sorely lacerated. His pretty bird, his Gitana, was indeed another's, and yet she lived! Ay, lived to hang entranced on another's words; lived to drink honeyed draughts of love from another's eyes.

The only human being that had ever touched his feelings, and evoked all that was good and truthful and honest within him, was lost to him forever. Leaning over the hedge he wiped away big drops from his cheeks, ashamed lest even the mute trees should be witnesses to his unmanly emotion; but even while jealousy tortured him to madness, the gypsy melted in tenderness and compassion towards the girl that he loved infinitely better than his own existence.

Completely uneducated, unpolished as a savage, and without a spark of religion in his nature, he yet sent up a rude but earnest thanksgiving to the Supreme Deity that ruled the world, for having shielded his love from the death-stroke that his cruel hand had nearly dealt her. He shuddered as he pictured to himself La Gitana's graceful limbs all rigid and set, and the luminous light of her starry eyes faded forever; her liquid voice hushed in the lonely grave; her face and heart colder than the wintry winds. Bitterly repentant of his contemplated crime, he even experienced a sentiment of gratitude to Hilda for having been the instrument of saving him from it; and full of regret at his harshness towards her, he went slowly back to the spot where he had left her in his wrath.

La Gitanella and her companion had strolled farther on, startled by the sound of the shot; but the girl Hilda still crouched on the ground, moaning and weeping. Ruperto raised her up with all the gentleness her could muster, and taking one of her thick plaits of hair he wiped away with it the tears that fell like rain down her round and ruddy face.

"I was very wrong to ill-treat thee, girl," he whispered kindly and soothingly to her; "but, in truth, I was beside myself when I forgot that it was but a weak and helpless woman that stood by my side. Hilda, thou didst me a rare service when thy small strength stayed my hand from working direful evil, and I thank thee for it; but it would have been far kinder of thee if thou hadst pointed the fowling-piece at my own poor heart."

And under the grateful cloak of night he let his eyes fill with water, but with a hard rough hand he dashed it quickly away.

"Art thou bruised, child?"

"Only a little shaken, Ruperto," she answered, meekly, although her knees and arms were hurt in the fall. The warm gypsy blood was rife in her veins, but to this man she was as gentle and loving as a gazelle. "But even if I were hurt, what would a few paltry bruises be to the wound in my breast if thou hadst become food for the gallows?" she shivered. "Jealousy is the foulest fiend of all; I have felt his torture myself, full many a time; but let no woman tempt thee to jeopardise thine own neck. La Gitana's love is not so mighty a thing that thou shouldst desire to yield up thy life if thou losest her, Ruperto!"

He answered not a word. To his thinking the heart of his peerless beauty was a treasure that was worth dying a hundred deaths for. Brave and bold as a lion, and with limbs like iron, he would unwaveringly have risked his life to serve his Gitana, and, with the refined feeling of ancient heroes, have deemed one gentle word or kindly smile from her sweet lips ample reward for aught he suffered. But he was not of a nature to give his confidence freely to any one.

"Thou art right in thy speech, Hilda. None can gainsay that common-sense sits pleasantly on thy pretty mouth. It is not for poor human creatures to take the law into their own hands, and to punish deceit and falsity by so terrible a thing as—*murder!*" His voice was hushed into a whisper as he spoke the last word, and his strong frame trembled visibly from head to foot. It seemed to him at that moment as if a pale flickering ray from the moon, that was just appearing above a belt of clouds, brought back to view the dim glance of a pair of eyes fast glazing in death; whilst a mass of dark foliage at his feet recalled a horrible ghastly heap that he had hastily hidden away in the ruins of an old Spanish town not so very long ago.

"Yes," he continued in an absent voice, as though thought had travelled miles away and he was communing with himself, "it is an awful crime to kill. God gave us breath, and He alone should take it away. And the red blood stains forever if the hands go near it!" he said wildly, clasping his fingers together, and nervously looking at them as he held them up close to his eyes. Then his gaze fell on the gypsy girl, whose sparkling black eyes stared at him in wonderment, while curiosity was plainly inscribed on her mobile features and he recovered himself with an effort. "Get thee back to the tents as quickly as thy swift steps can take thee, Hilda. Thou art too dainty a prize for some errant jackal; and, mind thee, not a word to that knave Sebastian, or to any one else, of what both thou and I have seen in the lane this night."

"I would cut out my tongue sooner than anger thee by disobedience, Ruperto, and thou knowest it," she replied earnestly; then, patting his arm affectionately, she disappeared in the gloom towards the common; but Ruperto, averse to meeting any of the tribe in the perturbed state of his mind, roamed restlessly hither and thither in the darkness of the spreading trees; now starting violently at the contact of some jutting bough, as though the death grip of an Alguazil was upon him; now running at full speed from horrors that memory conjured up; and only stealing back like a thief to the encampment when all the gypsies were locked in slumber.

PART II.

Pale holy stars shedding a chastened radiance from the vaulted sky; the evening air laden with the fragrant breath of bud and blossom; the voice of Philomel upon the ear; rich drooping foliage casting cool and friendly shadows upon the earth—these were the assistants at La Gitana's tryst of love. Even while Phœbus drove his car furiously through the heavens, and the sultry hour brought languor to man and beast, the figure of a girl might have been seen hastily wending her way from Thornleigh Heath towards the town. Beneath the broad glare of day it was easy to perceive that she bore no single mark of gypsy blood upon her.

Her face, after the well-known type of the celebrated Murillo's choicest portraits, yet owned a creamy tint that was completely free from the tawny and dusky tinge that characterized the features of her tribe. Her small head, with its long rippling tresses, was poised daintily on her swanlike neck with the hauteur of an eastern queen. Large sky eyes, like those of an antelope, were shaded by thick black lashes; and delicately-chiselled nostrils and proud curving lips lent an aristocratic beauty to her countenance. She was patrician to the backbone. In spite of the peculiarity of the gypsy garb in which her lithe form was arrayed, and the jingling tambourine with its knot of gay-colored ribbons that she held in a gloveless hand, the slight ankle and symmetrical arching foot, "'neath which water could flow," according to the Arabian conceit, were points that indisputably belonged to the purest of *sangre-azul*.

A crimson flush was on her rounded cheek and a happy light beamed from her dark eyes as she hurried over heather and furze, and passing through a wicket gate, sped lightly down the lane that was known by the rustics of Thornleigh as the "Lover's Walk."

It was too early for the trysting hour; but away from the noisy din and coarse talk of her canvas home, in the deep stillness of the country, with no sound save that of fluttering leaves, of murmuring water, and no witnesses but the spangled butterflies, and the flowers that blushed as brightly as herself, La Gitana was more than content to lie upon the grassy sward, under a sheltering elm, and to dream of love.

Love, fervid in its intensity as the clime of her own sweet south, but as pure in its nature as England's snows.

With the long jetty lashes kissing close the soft pink cheeks, and with scarlet pouting lips, that parted every now and then in a little smile, the gypsy girl, in a delicious waking dream, pictured herself the bride of the fair-haired Saxon, whose pedigree dated from the Conqueror, and whose rich coffers overflowed.

In imagination she knelt beside him at the altar of a grand old church, with satin and lace trailed around her, while the songs of goodbirds that sat on the boughs above her sounded like a nuptial hymn. Then she dwelt in a turreted castle, surrounded by its own ancestral trees, and filled with retainers, while she, the poor vagrant gypsy, raised by the omnipotent power of love, was suzeraine of all.

The red sun sank lower and lower in the westward, and the gray dusk crept gently over the sky, but she lay on her canopy of grass utterly heedless of time.

"Wild Rose!" whispered a familiar voice in her ear; and starting quickly to her feet, she found Keith Cameron by her side.

"Rosa Silvestre," or "Wild Rose," that was the only name she knew beside the title of La Gitana, that had been bestowed upon her by her tribe. She was so entirely dissimilar to them all, both in person and demeanor, that a barrier of reserve divided her from them; and notwithstanding the extreme jealousy of the women and the ill-feeling of the men, whom she kept completely at a distance by her manner, she was enveloped in a species of mysterious grandeur by them that enforced respect in their bearing in her presence, whatever license of speech her absence allowed them.

But it was only as a wandering gypsy, a beautiful savage, or a cunning seeress of fortunes, earning a few paltry coins by her tambourine and the liquid tones of her own voice, or by her skill in palmistry, that Keith Cameron knew her; and although bewitched by her surpassing beauty and grace, and struck by the extraordinary refinement of her language, he was, after all, but a matter of-fact sensible Briton, not given to weaving fairy tissues of romance, in which princesses disguised as strolling players formed a part.

Nevertheless, the girl had a strong and subtle charm about her, and in spite of the prejudices of class, he had learnt to love her dearly, ay, and with a good, honest, and manly love that had raised up a tower of protection around her from the smallest word or look that could have sullied the presence of the highest and purest dame of the Court of St. James's.

He came of a grand old stock, with noble quarterings upon their shield, and an unblemished name that had been proudly borne by many a belted Border-knight; but pride had yielded to passion, and the heart that had rested cold and untouched by patrician damsels throbbed strangely fast at the sound of tinkling bells, and his haughty eyes watched entranced while La Gitana's

"Feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light;"

while his face burnt hotly as he recollected that in loving a lowly-born maiden he was truly a recreant scion of his lordly race.

"Wild Rose!" and Keith's voice literally trembled with tenderness as he gave utterance to the pretty sobriquet, "I scarcely dared to awaken you from your slumbers. You looked so unutterably happy in them; and these sweet lips," and he stooped and kissed them fervently, "smiled up in my face as I bent over you."

"I *was* happy; for I was dreaming of thee," the girl answered softly, in her broken English, addressing him with the familiar "tu toi" of gypsy dialect, while she lifted up great loving eyes towards him; "*so* happy, Keith!"

He had taught her early in their acquaintance to call him by his Christian name; and in her silvery southern accents it sounded infinitely more melodious than in his own tongue.

"What were you dreaming, pretty one?" and he infolded her with his arm, and felt immeasurably happy himself as he did so; and the green leaves rustled gently as if they were murmuring a glad welcome to the kisses of the fickle breeze, and the pale stars above peeped at one another, veiling and unveiling the light of their glances, as if in shyness, while Wild Rose whispered her dream close in her lover's ear.

Keith listened to her artless words; but if the shadow of the big elm-tree had not obscured the light, a trace of sadness might have been read upon his brow. For a moment or so he was silent, lost in painful thought; the girl's dream had brought so vividly before his mind the great incompatibility existing between their social positions. Yet to wed any other but Wild Rose never entered his brain, so completely had she entwined herself round each fibre of his heart.

"Tell me, my love bird, did you care for me more amidst the pomp of the church and the grandeur of the castle than you do here, under the canopy of the blue sky amidst the simplicity of nature?"

"I *could* not love thee more, even if I would! Thou fillest all my soul, whether green leaves or gilded roofs shelter me. Even when I die, my spirit will fain follow thee wheresoever thou goest!" and she nestled her head into his breast.

"My own!"

Neither of them spoke again for awhile, mute from sheer intensity of happiness. Only Keith gathered his Wild Rose closer to him, and gazed into her eyes.

As they stood there Ruperto's jealous eye marked them, and his hand tried to point the deadly aim.

The sound of the gun startled them out of the blissful trance into which they had both fallen, but surmising it was but the work of an errant fowler, they paid no heed, and only wandered quietly on farther into the lane.

The moon was *rising* out of a large white fleecy cloud, and the silver light, falling through the interlacing branches, formed a carpet of diamonds for their feet, and bathed in liquid lustre all around. The scent of new-mown hay came upon the wings of the summer wind from the adjacent meadows; not a sound but the low twitter of a sleepy bird, not a breath but that of some fragrant flower. All was peaceful and still save Keith Cameron's heart.

Looking down upon the slight figure beside him, feeling her clasp upon his arm, and realizing that he worshipped her dearer than his life, he recognized fully the utter misery of leaving her forever; but honor and rectitude bade him do so, since, to use the allegorical phraseology of her own people, he knew that it was not possible for the eagle to mate but with his equal. Wild Rose suddenly glanced up at his face, and, with the quick perception of her nature, noted at once the unwonted sadness that clouded it.

"Art thou ill or weary, Keith?" she questioned hurriedly, with anxious solicitude in her tone. "Heaven grant that 'tis not the shadow of sorrow that lies so heavily upon thy brow; or, if perchance it be so, that my touch, like a magic wand, may drive away the weight from thine heart to mine own. I cannot bear to see thy lip without *its* sunny smile, that sheds both warmth and light upon my soul," she exclaimed with pathos and passion that were infinite.

"It is nothing, dear one; and Keith essayed bravely to thrust a throng of miserable thoughts away from him in a deep sigh. "If a shade was on my face, it was cast there by that dark cloud overhead;" and he pointed upwards.

The girl looked also, and shuddered.

"'Tis an evil omen," Keith, "she faltered, with all the superstition of a gypsy. "Knowest thou not that when a black veil suddenly hides the pale face of the moon 'tis an augury that there shall be grief to the children of the earth, on whom she loves to shed her bright smiles?"

Keith laughed at her fancy, and kissed away the quiver on her mouth.

"Southern imaginations are more fertile than those in colder climes, pretty one; and see, the augury was a false one, for there sails Diana without a speck veiling her from our bold gaze. What prophecy does that suggest?"

"That grief shall come for a while, but that joy will scatter its bitter blossoms to the four winds in the end."

"That means that Wild Rose and I shall never part, for without her my life would be an arid waste. But tell me a little about the gypsies, that I may learn more about yourself. What caused them to fix on so rough and uninviting a spot as Thornleigh Heath for an abiding-place? Why, it is barely good enough to harbor a dog, much less human creatures."

"They are a rough people, and it matters little to them where they pitch their tents. On Thornleigh Heath they can quarrel and fight, with none to stay their cruel hands," she replied, with a gesture of unfeigned aversion and fear.

"Are they all kind to you, my Wild Rose?"

"They do not love me, but dread of the gypsy mother restrains them from taunting and gibing. I keep aloof from all, and seldom hold converse with any of them except—Ruperto."

There was a peculiar intonation in her voice as she spoke that aroused Keith's attention at once, while a fierce pang of jealousy thrilled through him. Seizing her hands, he scrutinized the expression of her features.

"Ruperto! And what is he like, Wild Rose, that he should have your notice more than the rest?"

"I know not; it never came into my mind to study his face. I only know that he is not like thee!"

She answered frankly, with undisguised admiration in her eyes, as she surveyed her companion under the bright moon's rays.

And in truth, Keith Cameron, as he stood beside her, with his fair hair gleaming up like gold, his perfect features, and athletic form, would have presented the aspect of a Greek god to other eyes beside those of a loving girl.

The proud red blood mantled in his cheek, and drawing up his head imperiously, he said in cold curt accents, annoyed that such a comparison should have even suggested itself to her,

"Ruperto is *only* a miserably gypsy!"

"And I am *only* a gypsy," she murmured, very mournfully and humbly, while large tears rained down her face.

"Rather my queen, my empress!" cried Keith, deeply regretting his hasty words.

For the world he would not have wounded her feelings. There was a little pause, during which he strove to bring back a smile to her lips.

"Does this Ruperto ever presume to tell you that he loves you?" he questioned, unquiet and full of suspicions still.

"Yes," she whispered, very low and bashfully, as though she were ashamed to own to it, and he felt her shudder all over. "He follows me from spot to spot with his eyes, and he says that it is the will of the gypsy mother that I should mate with him—that none of the tribe dare gainsay her words; but sooner than obey, I would pierce my heart with this!" and she drew from her bosom a small but sharp stiletto, and showed him its glittering blade. "I carry this with me always, but no blood but mine own will ever stain its brightness."

"And how long have you been with these gypsies, sweet one?"

"Since earliest memory. When we were in Spain, I was never let to wander alone. In Seville and Toledo, where we pitched our tents the longest, the white walls were my prison-bars. But since we came over the sea, they force me to play, and sing, and tell fortunes; but the silver pieces that cross my palm seem to burn holes into it!"

And she stamped her little foot impatiently upon the ground, while her red lip curled scornfully. Only for a moment, for her nature was pliable and gentle as a dove's, although warmth of feeling was her birthright.

Keith pondered over her words, and wondered why the tribe should have kept her in seclusion in Spain, where her peerless loveliness would infallibly have attracted notice from the gay nobles, and gained the money that the avaricious gypsy character clung to so passionately. The thought that the girl, with her patrician beauty, was no gypsy after all, but the child of an aristocrat stolen and hidden away, flashed into his mind; but it was only a passing one, with nothing in the story she had told him of her life to substantiate it.

"The night grows on, and I must haste away, or they may perchance seek me, Keith. Hush! what sound was that?" she exclaimed in alarm, as a sudden rustling in a fallen heap of leaves that lay on the other side of the thick hedge fell upon their ears, and the dark form of a woman glided quickly away in the distance under the gloom of the trees.

"*Santa madre!* it is the gypsy Hilda who hath been eavesdropping here," she added, trembling violently. "They have tracked me, Keith, and I may perchance never look on thee again, my love! my love! they will take me hence, and place land and water twixt thee and me. I knew that black cloud boded ill. Keith, without thee my heart will break!"

"Keep up a brave spirit, and trust that all may go well," he said soothingly. "To-morrow night I shall be here, longing to fold you again in these arms. Good-night, and angels watch over thee, my life."

"Farewell," she murmured upon his lips; "and would that the blessed to-morrow was already come!"

There was no need for La Gitana to dread anger or reproaches from her tribe on the discovery of her trysting with the fair-haired stranger. Even Ruperto, whatever ill-feeling was in his breast, although he cast ever and anon wistful glances towards her, refrained from the utterance of a taunting word.

When Wild Rose, after a sleepless night, had awakened from a short slumber, the sun was high up in the heavens, and it seemed to her as though an unwonted air of excitement prevailed over the whole encampment; but wrapt up in her own feelings, and counting the hours as they passed until she should find Keith by her side, she never noticed the stir around.

Early in the morning a gypsy from Seville had reached the camp, with important news that was solely for the ear of the gypsy mother. After a lengthened interview with her, a grave consultation was held among the elders of the party; and when it was ended, the heterogeneous paraphernalia was hurriedly packed, ready for departure at the shortest notice.

Keith Cameron kept his promised word, and lingered long beneath the spreading trees, with his cheek flushing at every sound, and his heart swelling with impatience to see his love again; but he lingered at the sweet trysting spot in vain. The moon rose higher and higher, and flooded the earth with her splendor; but the only light that he yearned for—the light of La Gitana's eyes—was denied him.

At length, with dire misgiving in his breast, and disappointment paling his face, he strode hastily towards the common. Thornleigh Heath lay in the moonlight lonely and bleak. Here and there a smouldering fire betokened a late meal; but the white tents of the gypsies no longer met the sight, and even while Keith, sick with unhappiness and despair, stared round in dismay, his poor Wild Rose, vigilantly guarded by Ruperto, wept broken-hearted in a corner of a crowded caravan.

PART III.

Two years had passed away, although in their course Time had lagged wearily and heavily on his wings, since the summer's night when Cameron stood upon the deserted common, and realized the bitter fact that Wild Rose was indeed gone from him. All the efforts he had made—and they had in nowise lacked energy, for his very heart was in the task—had proved futile to track the gypsies; and in truth, while he was searching for them northwards, they had travelled in double haste in the opposite direction.

Absence, instead of cooling the ardor of his passion, appeared to increase it tenfold, and La Gitana's beauty and soft "antelopean" eyes haunted him day and night. At length, utterly unable to cope against a feeling that became daily stronger than himself, and finding neither rest nor peace in the old pleasures and pursuits of home life, he resolved to try if existence would present brighter colors in new countries, and change of scene distract him from the one all-absorbing subject of regret. From city to city he went, listlessly and aimlessly, like the Wandering Jew, each one interesting him less than the last; and after several months of absence from England, he found himself located for the winter season at Algiers.

But even in that town, notwithstanding the manifold *agréments* of delicious climate, enchanting scenery, and profusion of fruits and flowers, the social circles, that were composed principally of French refugees and broken-down Portuguese and Spanish merchants, were distasteful in the highest degree to the fastidious eye and taste of the thoroughbred Englishman, who had lived nearly all his life amongst *le crème de la crème* of Belgravia and Mayfair; while the second-rate fondas and casinos were most uninviting after his haunts in Pall-mall.

The only sight in Algiers that at all attracted or interested him was the extremely fantastic attire of the Algerian women, bringing vividly to his mind the figure of the gypsy girl whom he so vainly strove to forget. But the more he essayed to drown her memory in Lethe's stream, the more pertinaciously his soul seemed to cling to that soft, silent night, when, under the chastened light of myriad stars, he had clasped his Wild Rose to his breast for the very last time.

Travel proved no panacea for his trouble, and he commenced his route homewards, lingering on his steps in the pleasant south It was in the beginning of spring, when Nature wears usually her vernal garb; but the warmth of the clime had matured each blossom into summer luxuriance and beauty, and the sun, out of a shadowless sky, sent down his beams with true tropical fervor.

Keith rested at Toledo, not from any especial attraction that the town had for him, but simply because La Gitana had mentioned it as her abode for a while, and because it was a known spot for gypsies to congregate; and for hours, in defiance of the sultry atmosphere, he paraded the streets and visited the several ruins in the suburbs, with the hope animating him that perchance he might alight on a trace of his lost love.

No vestage of her or of her people, however, appeared, to reward his longing eyes and indefatigable research; and weary and heartsick, he went to Seville, and established himself for some days in the Plaza Nuova. It was just at the termination of the Holy Week when he reached the city; the celebrated "Santa Semana," and the great fair of the place, with the attendant attraction of a famous bull-fight, was in prospect.

The grand gala occasion seemed to present to Keith's mind a certainty almost of falling on some of the tribe whom he had learnt to know by sight at Thornleigh, and he was aware that a handful of reals would prove an all-sufficient bait for any information he desired to extract.

The proud and handsome Englishman, with hair that looked like gold in the sunlight, and whose symmetrical form rivalled the statue of the young Apollo which was one of the principal ornaments of the place, was naturally an object of attention to the coquettish black-eyed donnas, and he evoked a considerable amount of malice and jealousy in them by the apparent bad taste and eccentricity that induced him to rest indifferent to their charms, while he addressed any stray gypsies he encountered, and who were looked upon by the better classes of Seville as mere scum of the earth. But Keith, callous to censure, lost no opportunities of following short-kirtled women and tawny-cheeked men, were they tramps or vagabonds, so long as they flourished jingling tambourines, or unblushingly swore to fictitious fortunes; while his pulse beat high and his face flushed at the bare possibility of finding the clue he sought.

He had made a point wherever he went of eschewing all refined society, fearing lest its claims might interfere with the one object he had in view; and it was only on the eve of his departure that a brother countryman suggested the wisdom of taking just a *coup d'œil* of the grandees of the land that were to be collected together at a superb entertainment at the castle of the Duc d'Alicante.

The D'Alicantes were one of the wealthiest and noblest families of Spain, and the festive event was given in celebration of the *début* into the *grand monde* of the sole child and heiress, the Donna Zanella, whose peerless beauty was the theme of all Seville. Keith, loath to mix in a gay and glittering scene, with which his feelings were not at all in consonance, was in no haste to find himself amongst the crowd. On the point of quitting Spain, it seemed to him as if he were parting with every chance of looking again upon Wild Rose.

When he reached the castle, that was situated some leagues from Seville, it was considerably past midnight, but the revelry appeared at its highest; and desirous of quiet, he stood a little apart from the dancers, leaning against a marble pillar, the hue of which was not whiter than his own cheek. He looked ill and wan, and he felt dizzy from the dazzling glare of hundreds of lamps of every color that hung from the vaulted ceiling, and from the strong fragrance of the tube rose and orange flowers, with which the atmosphere was laden almost to stifling.

His eyes glanced carelessly and indifferently at the mass of magnificent Spanish beauties, smiling behind the gorgeous ebon-and-gold fans that they flirted with a coquetry that is indigenous to Spain.

But with the wild grace and exquisite features of his gypsy girl filling Keith's soul, all other women appeared insipid to his eyes.

The queen of the festival, the Donna Zanella, saw him as he stood there white and motionless as a statue, with a cold gaze that none had power to kindle into admiration, and a brow that bore an impress of sorrow upon it.

And as she watched him, her heart, beneath the priceless satin and lace, throbbed fast and passionately, and her hand, that rested lightly on the arm of a stately hidalgo, shook like an aspen leaf.

Never removing her eyes from the Englishman's face, as though she were enchained by basilisk's power, she drew her unconscious cavalier slowly towards the spot where Keith stood, while the satin-like silver sheen glittered in waves around her slight form, and the jewels in her hair and upon her bosom sparkled and scintillated under the lamps.

Keith looked up suddenly, and started forward breathless, his eyes dilating, and the hot blood suffusing his face; then he stopped still, sick with disappointment.

There before him surely was his long-sought love, yet it was not her; real, yet so unreal.

It was the well remembered face of La Gitana, but grown far colder and prouder in expression.

There were the large and liquid eyes into whose tender depths he had gazed full many a time, but turned away either in shyness or hauteur, so that he could not possibly catch their glance.

There were the same rippling blue-black tresses, that his lips and the soft west wind alone had kissed, but crowned with rare imperial gems, such as he knew full well that his gypsy girl could never own.

The Donna Zanella bore his scrutiny bravely and unflinchingly, even though she felt his glance was upon her, save that the broad lids drooped over her dark eyes all the while; but when, after a few moments' hesitation, he turned away, heartsore and convinced that he had been but the dupe of a miraculous resemblance only, all the soft pink bloom faded out of her cheek, and the thick jetty lashes concealed large glistening tears.

Indifferent, or rather reckless, of aught that the grandee by her side would think of her strange conduct, she glided from him without a word, and followed slowly in Keith's wake through lighted saloons and darkened corridors; and as he crossed the threshold of the principal portal that led from the castle into the grounds, she gained his side, and let fall a flower she held at his feet.

He stooped mechanically, without glancing towards her, and raised the blossom from the earth.

"'Tis but a humble wild rose, not worthy of thy trouble or notice," a voice whispered softly into his ear.

For the second time in the short space of a few minutes Keith started as if he had been shot, but this time his arms caught the Donna Zanella in a close embrace. Out of the ducal walls, through the moonlit paths, until the shade of a giant magnolia was reached; then the girl's long tresses rippled upon his breast, and her scarlet lips trembled beneath the fervent pressure of his own.

"My love, my love! I scarcely thought to look upon thee again; but my heart has ever been true to thee," she murmured tenderly. "And thou, Keith? has cruel time blunted thy feelings? dost thou care for me still?"

"Each moment of my life, since I lost you, your face has been beside me, your voice upon my ear. If I had not found you, I should have gone mad with grief, my sweet Wild Rose."

They rested, hand in hand, upon a rustic seat beneath their scented canopy; and the girl leant her head upon his heart with the child-like unreserve of the olden time, while in the semi-darkness the jewels she wore gleamed before Keith's eyes like a starry diadem on an angel's brow. Mute with love and joy, they were content to sit side by side, trying to realize that fate had indeed united them; and every now and then Keith drew her nearer to him, as if fearful that she would elude his grasp again.

"And how came you here, sweet one?" he asked at length, awakening to a sense of their position from the beatific dream of the past moment.

"Because the Duc d'Alicante is my father, and this is my home," she answered shyly.

She felt no pride in avowing the change in her position. Her faith in her lover was so infinite, that she knew that nothing could take away his heart from her but death. Keith uttered a faint exclamation of surprise.

"Then you are the Donna Zanella, the beauty of Seville, to win whom all the Spanish nobles are ready to sacrifice life and limb?" he questioned hastily.

"I am Zanella to all the world, but only Wild Rose to thee. If the change in my name brings a change in thy heart, let me be the poor gypsy again. Without thy love, what would be wealth and name?" she said, with quivering lips and humid eyes, that looked up wistfully, as if to read her fiat of joy or woe in his face.

For all answer he kissed her again and again as he had been wont to do in their trysts in the English lane; and utterly content, she nestled into his arms like a bird.

"List to me, Keith, while I recount to thee the history of my life. Sixteen years ago, when chasing a gorgeous butterfly, I strayed beyond these domains The gypsy mother stole me, trusting to receive a heavy ransom for me; but before my parents could trace my hiding-place, Ruperto shed the blood of an Alguazil, and, open to the vengeance of the government, the whole of his tribe were forced to flee the land.

"The day after that on which I looked upon thy dear face for the very last time, tidings reached the mother that my only brother had been drowned, and that the poor Rosa Silvestre had become heiress of the house D'Alicante. With the certainty of heavy dollars before them they hurried back to Spain, and restored me to my home; but though the tribe had hoped by long absence to escape all notice on their return, the officials traced them out, and Ruperto" she stopped a moment and shuddered—"expiated with life the crime of killing the Alguazil.

"For the two years that have passed since we parted I was placed in the convent of the Buena Madre, the white walls of which we can see to the left, on those wooded heights, peeping through the dusk. But in all these weary days thou hast never quitted my thoughts. Thy sunny smile has lingered on my memory, and come to cheer me in my lonely hours; thy dear eyes have been bright beacon-stars, bidding me hope that I might see thee once again."

"My own Wild Rose!"

The bells pealed from the belfry of the ancient church, and bonfires blazed around, for the heir of Castlemaine had brought home his wife, and Keith Cameron's handsome face glowed with happiness, as, standing on the threshold of his grand old mansion, he acknowledged the shouts of his tenantry.

Later, when all around was peaceful and still, and the fair domains and the patriarchal woods of stately Castlemaine were tinged with the rosy beams of the departing sun, Keith bent over a face that lay upon his shoulder, and said,

"Do you care for me more, Wild Rose, here in the grand castle of your dream, than you did in the quiet country lane?"

She looked up at him with the light of love filling her large dark eyes, and flinging her arms round his neck, she drew down his lips till they rested upon her own.

"I could not care for thee more, even if I would. Thou fillest all my soul, whether green leaves or gilded roofs sheltered me; and when I die, bury me in some spot where thy dear foot shall tread, so that even in death I may not utterly lose thee!"

☞ The Brooklyn policemen begin this week to shoot all the unmuzzled dogs that they meet. Any lively dog, however, need never fear being shot by the men in blue, for few are so expert marksmen as to be able to hit a door at twelve paces. Quiet, timid dogs suffer most; the policemen coax them to approach, put the mouth of the pistol close to the poor beast's ear and fire; they rarely miss, on such shots as these.

☞ When it is a tolerably good day, and no circus in the place, Allen county, Ind., can expeditiously divorce forty-one couples before the clock strikes 3 P. M.

☞ A ball is to be given in Detroit to which blondes alone are to be invited, and all the young women who haven't hair-reditary beauty of this type are preparing to stand the hazard of the dye.

☞ The twin curses of Chicago are landlords and milkmen. The former are driving the renting population out of town; the latter are driving the resident population to chalk, ammonia, consumption, and the grave.

☞ The Cleveland Leader, waxing pensive over the reported sale of the effects of the celebrated Red Stocking base-ball club, writes:—"The memory of the Red Stockings will ever be like the grass on their ball-ground, fresh and green, and little children will often point to the picture of their paternal ancestor, whose broken nose or missing eye-ball varies the monotony of the photographic album, and say in subdued whispers, 'A hot ball did that, or he caught a sky-scraper in his eye,' and widows whose husbands fell at the ball-field front, or keeled over, struck by a deadly club while on deck, will drop a tear as they draw their government pension that the amount is not larger, and that they have not several able-bodied sons that can handle a ball-club."

☞ Italian Worship—As one instance of the little influence the religion of the Italians has upon their morals, Mr. Powers told a story of one of his servants, who desired leave to set up a small shrine in their room—a cheap print, or bas-relief, or image, such as are sold everywhere at the shops—and to burn a lamp before it; she, of course, engaging to supply the oil at her own expense. By-and-by her oil flask seemed to possess a miraculous property of replenishing itself, and Mr. Powers took measures to ascertain where the oil came from. It turned out that the servant had all the time been stealing the oil from them, and keeping up her daily sacrifice and worship to the Virgin by this constant theft.—*Hawthorne's Note-books' in France and Italy.*

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WHAT TO DO AND WHY; And How to Educate Each Man for his Proper Work: Describing Seventy-Five Trades and Professions, and the Talents and Temperaments Required for Each. By NELSON SIZER. Published by Mason, Baker & Pratt, 142 and 144 Grand street, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

GOD-MAN. By L. T. TOWNSEND, D. D., Professor in the School of Theology, Boston University. Search and Manifestation. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE CANCELLED WILL. By Miss ELIZA A. DUPUY, author of "Why did He Marry Her," "Michael Rudolph," etc., etc. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE U. S. MILITARY POST LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 1871—72. Published at the Headquarters of the Association, No. 58 Broadway, New York.

THE FIRST AMERICAN ART ACADEMY. Reprinted from Lippincott's Magazine. We have read this sketch of the rise and growth of our Philadelphia Art Academy with the peculiar interest all those must feel who have ever mused through the quiet galleries of the old building, which has lately tumbled away from the sight of man. We hope it will not be long before the new building, now under way, will be completed.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY FOR MAY. The paper "Travelling by Telegraph" is a very enjoyable one to read, particularly now that the summer months are approaching, and we begin to speculate upon country resorts and travelling in general. "Draxy Miller's Dowry," is a rather peculiar story and unusually good. "At his Gates," by Mrs. Oliphant. "Mr. Lowell's Prose," "The Waif of Nautilus Island," "Our Educational Outlook," etc., etc., are contained in this number. Published by Scribner & Co., New York.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURG MAGAZINE for April. American Edition. This number contains the continuation of "The Maid of Sker," "French Home Life—Manners," "Percy Bysshe Shelley," "A True Reformer," "New Books," "The Ministers, the Parliament, and the Country," etc. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia.

ADELE. A Tale. By JULIA KAVANAGH, author of "Nathalie," "Rachel Grey," &c., &c. Three volumes in one. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

SCIENCE PRIMERS. Edited by Professors HUXLEY, ROSCOE and STEWART. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. We have received No. II, Chemistry; and No. III, Physics. All will approve of the object of the well-known authors of this series, which is to state the fundamental principles of their respective sciences in a manner suited to pupils of an early age.

THE JOURNAL OF THE FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, for May, contains among other interesting things, an engraving and description of a new testing machine, an article "On the principles of gun constructions," "Interoceanic Communications," "On Feed-water to Steam Boilers," "Auroral Displays during the month of February," etc. Published by the Franklin Institute at their Hall, Philada.

THE TRANSATLANTIC MAGAZINE, for May. The matter for this magazine is well selected from foreign sources. "How the 'Gadfly' Failed," is an amusing sketch, showing how an ambitious but impecunious gentleman made the common mistake of supposing it was a very easy matter to run an influential daily paper. The article upon "Modern Manners" we would advise most of our young ladies and gentlemen to read. It contains some suggestions they might profit by. "Good-Bye, Sweetheart," "The Future War," "My Grandfather's Ghost Story," "Aunt Bessie's Mistake," "Alfred De Musset," are among the other articles. Published by Hamersly & Co., 701 Chestnut St., Philada.

☞ Parasol handles are made quite long this season, so as to enable a gentleman to be able to discover his lady friends under these fashionable hiding places.

☞ There is an unusually large number of able-bodied young men standing around the street-corners day after day. The question is—Where do they sleep nights, and who pays for the tobacco they are wasting?

☞ A ferry-master at Sioux City, Iowa, arrests people if they paddle their own canoes across the stream.

☞ Lazy California bar-tenders place the ingredients of a cobbler in a tumbler, and then wait for an earthquake to mix them up.

☞ A box of confectionary or a bouquet of flowers is *the thing* for a philopena present, unless you are engaged, when a more valuable present may be made.

Humans share with Horses

the benefits derivable from the world-renowned MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT. The most irrefragable testimony establishes the fact that this wondrous balm exerts the same soothing and healing influence when applied to the human cuticle, that it does in cases of spavin, founders, ringbone, poll evil, scratches, wind gall, and other ailments of the horse which require outward treatment. It is, in fact, the most effectual of all external remedies for rheumatism, gout, stiffness of the neck, neuralgia, sore throat swellings, cuts and bruises of all kinds.

☞ The police of Japan are very vigilant. If you have anything stolen they pursue the thief, and if the property is found on him they chop off his head at your door-step. For a small consideration you are allowed to do your own killing.

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ap27-1m

☞ The Rev. Henry DeFoe, a descendant of the author of Robinson Crusoe, is a clergyman now settled in Leicestershire, England.

☞ A Connecticut man builds carriages made wholly of India rubber.

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1872.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

REDUCTION OF PRICE!

SPLENDID STORIES.

The publishers of THE LADY'S FRIEND have concluded to reduce its price to single subscribers from $2.50 to $2—the prices to Clubs (already very low) remaining the same.

They shall continue to obtain for their readers the very best novelets, stories, poetry, etc., that can be procured, including articles from the gifted pens of Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss A. L. Muzzey, Daisy Ventnor, August Bell, Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, A. M. Dana, Madge Carroll, Emma B. Ripley, Nora Perry, M. C. Pyle, Ida Rowland, etc., etc., etc.

The following novelets, with the usual variety of short stories, are announced for 1872:

WITHIN THE MAZE;

OR,

LADY ANDINNIAN'S TRIAL.

By MRS. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Dene Hollow," &c.

UNA AND HER LIONS.
By MISS A. L. MUZZEY, author of "One Woman's Experience," "Jealousy," etc.

QUEEN COQUETTA.
By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Prince Charming," etc., etc.

ONLY A WISH.
By A. M. DANA, author of "Jarring Chords, etc., etc.

MISSION WORK.
By Mrs. MARGARET HOSMER, author of "A Turn in Fortune's Wheel," etc., etc.

AN EVERY-DAY HEROINE.
By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "Solid Silver," "A Little Money," etc.

ENGRAVINGS!

The Engravings of THE LADY'S FRIEND are of a very superior character. They embrace beautiful pictures of subjects which touch the sentiments and affections, illustrations of our Novelets and Stories, illustrations of the Fashions, (including cuts from which patterns for almost everything can be ordered at a low price,) illustrations of Ladies' Fancy work, etc.

MUSIC.

A piece of the latest and most fashionable Music accompanies every number. The Music is of itself worth the price of the magazine.

The Most Refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines!

In short, THE LADY'S FRIEND aims to be, and its proprietors think it is, the most refined, Beautiful, and Interesting of the Magazines—*being in Cover, Engravings, and Contents just what a lady's magazine should be.*

TERMS—Always in Advance.

One Copy, - - - - - $2.00.
1 Copy of the Lady's Friend ($2) and 1 of The Saturday Evening Post ($2.50), for $4.00.

[Our club terms are the same as those of that old and popular paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—in order that the clubs may be made up of the magazine and paper conjointly when so desired.]

☞ The magazines or papers in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, *payable to our order.*

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R. R. R.

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How We Used to be Physiced.

Who does not remember the time when Spring purgation was considered indispensable to summer health? No matter for wry faces, the inevitable salts and senna, sarsaparilla, or calomel and jalap, must be administered. These "spring medicines" the youngsters were told, were to keep them hale and hearty during the summer. We all know now that this was a fallacy; that new vigor, not depletion, is what is required at the commencement of the summer solstice. As a preparation for the enervating effects of oppressive summer weather, a course of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS is highly expedient. This famous vegetable preparation has three prominent properties: It renovates, purifies and regulates all the functions of the body. It is composed exclusively of pure vegetable productions, viz: The essential principle of Monongahela Rye, and the most efficacious tonic and alterative roots, barks, and gums known to medical botanists. Hence it is an absolutely safe medicine, and no tincture of the Pharmacopœia can compare with it either in purity, or in the variety of its objects, and its comprehensive results. Happily for mankind, the theory that it was necessary to prostrate a patient in order to cure him, is forever exploded, and the true philosophical doctrine, that vigor is the great antagonist of disease, has taken its place. HOSTETTER'S BITTERS is an invigorant, and hence it is the proper medicine for the feeble at this most trying season of the year.

Be sure that you obtain the genuine article, as there are innumerable vile imitations in the market. Look to the ornamental stamp, the engraved label, and the name blown into the glass. HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS is sold in bottles only. 1m

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1872.

TERMS---Always in Advance.

One Copy, - - - - $2.50
One copy of the Saturday Evening Post ($2.50) and One of the Lady's Friend ($2.00) for $4.00.

Our club terms are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—andare as follows:

7	copies,	-	-	-	-	$4.00
8	"	(and one to getter-up of club,)	-			12 00
14	"	do.	do.	do.	do.	- 20.00
20	"	do.	do.	do.	do.	- 28.00
30	"	do.	do.	do.	do.	- 40.00

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ The papers or magazines in a club will be sent to different Post-offices, if desired.

☞ Additions may be made to clubs—but the new subscription must begin and end at the same time as the original club.

☞ The contents of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be entirely different.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks *payable to our order*.

Address H. PETERSON & CO.,
No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.

NOTICE.

We have commenced sending out bills to a number of old subscribers—and we trust they will not delay in honoring them.

COLUMBUS.

[See Engraving on First Page.]

"A few hours before reaching Genoa the traveller comes to a dirty Italian village, called Cogoletto, and is shown a dingy old house, over the door of which is inscribed, 'Here Cristofero Columbo was born,' and on entering Genoa by the Porta Lanterna he reads on a building in front of the gate, 'Cristofero Columbo, Scopre America,' and on entering the large square near the gate he beholds a handsome monument of white marble, dedicated 'A Cristofero Columbo: la Patria' ('to Christopher Columbus: his country'), and this is all Genoa the Superb has to show of the great discoverer. But it is enough—the mind supplies the rest. We gaze upon the monument, which as a work of art is really excellent, note the commanding figure of Columbus, 'in his habit as he lived,' with a kneeling girl symbolical of the New World at the apex, the naval emblems on the pillar, the statues at the corners of the pedestal, and the bas-reliefs of four striking events in his life, and while noting and admiring, the mighty man himself comes into full view of the mental eye. We have brought vividly before us Columbus in the grand simplicity of a character full of faith, integrity, and resolution. We think of him as the poor apprentice sailor boy, picking up with avidity the knowledge vouchsafed to his time; as the young seaman, tall, comely, robust, voyaging along the coasts of the Mediterranean, up the Dardanelles, along the shores of the Black Sea—the Genoese had a colony in the Crimea—again northward to the west coast of France, to England, probably to the Baltic, and in the intervals between his watches devouring the highly-colored pages of those romantic travellers, the Englishman De Mandeville and the Venetian Marco Polo, and out of his day-dreams of geography, adventure, profit, peril, and honor, gradually forming those ideas of the remote east which finally resolved themselves into the fixed one which became the guiding star of his future life."

MORSE AS AN ARTIST.

"PORTE CRAYON'S" EXPERIENCE WITH HIM.

A writer in the Washington Capital relates the following conversation with Colonel Strother (Porte Crayon) upon Professor Morse:

Strother said: "I knew Morse very well. I took lessons under him in drawing and painting. After I had engaged to become his pupil, I went to New York, and found him in a room on University place. He had three other pupils, and I soon found that our professor had very little patronage. I paid my fifty dollars; that settled for one quarter's instruction. Morse was a faithful teacher, and took as much interest in our progress, more indeed than we did ourselves. But he was very poor. I remember that when my second quarter's pay was due him it did not come as soon as expected, and one day the professor came in and said, courteously:

"'Well, Strother, my boy, how are we off for money?'

"'Why, Professor,' I answered, 'I am sorry to say I have been disappointed; but I expect a remittance next week.'

"'Next week,' he repeated sadly; 'I shall be dead by that time.'

"'Dead, sir?'

"'Yes, dead of starvation.'

"I was distressed and astonished. I said hurriedly, 'Would ten dollars be of any service?'

"'Ten dollars would save my life; that is all that it would do.'

"I paid the money, all that I had, and we dined together. It was a modest meal, but good, and after we had finished he said:

"'This is my first meal for twenty-four hours. Strother, don't be an artist. It means beggary. Your life is dependent upon people who know nothing of your art, and care nothing for you. A house dog lives better, and the very sensitiveness that stimulates an artist to work keeps him alive to suffering.'

"I remained with Professor Morse three years, and then we separated. Some years after I met him on Broadway one day. He was about the same as before, a trifle older, and perhaps somewhat ruddier. I asked him how he was getting on with his painting, and he told me that he had abandoned it; that he had something better, he believed, and told me about his proposed telegraph. I accompanied him to his room, and there found several miles of wire twisted about, and the battery, which he explained to me. His pictures, finished and unfinished, were lying about covered with dust. Shortly after Congress made an appropriation, and Morse was on the high road to wealth and immortality."

CANCER.

We lately had a receipt given us for Cancer, by an intelligent gentleman of this city, which we can commend to the readers of THE POST as worthy at least of a trial in all cases of that terrible affliction; as it has positively cured two cases in our informant's knowledge, and can do no harm.

It is simply to take the dried blossoms of the common red clover, put them in hot water, allow them to steep over night, and thus make red-clover tea. Take a tablespoonful of the cold tea five or six times a day.

The dried clover blossoms can be taken from the clover hay in the mow.

A HARD SNORER.—A little boy of six summers was sent one morning to call his grandfather to breakfast. The old gentleman was in the habit of snoring very hard, and as the boy pushed open the door, he was frightened at the unusual noise. He rushed back to his mother, exclaiming, "Ma, grandpa's been barking at me!"

LEARNT AT LAST.

I sit alone within my darkened room,
Black clouds have veiled the starry heights above;
I know no doubt, no fear, no trembling gloom,
For Thou hast taught me that Thy name is Love.

Thy name is Love. I guessed, and then I spelt—
Slow moving to its meaning plain and whole,
Till now the full-orbed truth is held and felt
In the deep places of my conquered soul.

Thy name is Love. Ah, with me long ago,
Surrounding all my weak and wilful youth,
Tarried Thy patient power, and led me so
To choose the lother paths of heavenly truth.

Thy name is Love. When caught in sin's strong snare,
The snare Thou breakest, set the captive free,
Bid him one moment face his own despair,
Then turn and find a lasting home in Thee.

Thy name is Love. When eyes with tears are dim,
All life downswept in the vast whirlpool Loss,
Teach me to turn with trustful eyes to Him
Who hung forsaken on the unfriended Cross.

Let the rod smart: I now can kiss the hand.
Let the night linger: I can wait the day.
Oh, Father, Father, to the fatherland
Forever guide and guard my onward way.

ALFRED NORRIS.

A Fashion Article.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Last spring a State Medical Association met in a city which is across the river from our city. They published their proceedings in the newspapers each day. One of their proceedings was to appoint a "Special Committee on Idiots." Ever since then I've been looking for their report. They have reported, but have been so exceedingly remiss in their duty as to make no mention whatever of one large and growing class of idiots. I refer to the class of idiots who make the fashion letters and fashion books for the people. To read some of the rubbish they do make us subscribe for now-a-days, is enough to make a body sigh for those nice old times when good Queen Bess ate with her fingers, and the great Empress of Russia flogged her maids of honor with her own imperial hands.

I'm not alluding to the vagaries of fashion, understand. Not at all. You might as well quarrel with taxes as to find fault with them. I'm not speaking of a bag of bran either on the head or on the back; nor of sixteen tabs with a double-headed ruffle around each of them; nor of a woman's boot-heel, three inches high, and in the middle of her foot; nor yet of a pork-pie hat, fastened with a wafer to the end of her nose. I am profoundly silent even when it comes to the enormity of the kangaroo dip, which I saw so many young ladies "doing" at a certain watering-place last summer. I'm not quarreling with a single one of those fantastic devices or catches wherewith votaries of fashion adorn themselves. Let them enjoy to the utmost every one of their fantastic catches, high, low, Jack and the game. By all means, I don't refer to a solitary bump, dump, bump, or lump which the fashion writers recommend to us.

I refer to the cost of them.

Now it's out. It's the sordid, low-down, dollar-and-cent view of the case. I've just been reading a letter of one of these demented scribblers. She tells me to get, for an outer garment, one made of camel's hair cloth, I believe she calls it, I don't precisely remember the name of it, but I remember very well that she says it is fifteen dollars a yard. She might as well tell me to go and hang myself! What concern have I with a camel's hair garment, fifteen dollars a yard? I never expect to own such a thing this side of heaven, and I don't care much if I don't.

It's not what the distinguished Wilkins Micawber would term "the momentary laceration of a wounded spirit" which causes your correspondent to break forth in this present howl against the fashion-writers. It's not mere spitefulness of poverty toward riches. To put it plain, it is the absurdity of directing folks to buy an article which costs one hundred dollars when they've only got one dollar to buy it with. That is what the fashion-writers do. Their fashions are as utterly beyond the reach of ordinary people as if they were made for the planet Jupiter. And ordinary people constitute most of the world. Indeed, the majority of the feminine gender in the country is made up of good, honest women, some of whom never own more than one silk dress in their lives; notwithstanding which the desire to dress becomingly burns within them as steadily and everlastingly as ever that commendable flame burned in the breast of a millionaireess. We know how it is ourselves, don't we? You remember what Emerson accuses a lady friend of saying:

"The consciousness of being well-dressed infuses through the whole being a sense of tranquility which religion fails to give."

Shocking, isn't it? but true as preaching. There is no end of comfort in feeling that you are well-dressed. Wealthy women can find fashions to suit them at a moment's notice, or even make fashions, if they choose. This blessed privilege is denied the poorer sisters who make their own dresses, but who are every whit as earnestly desirous of looking their best. So the poorer sisters patronize fashion books. Ladies of the middle class, who are not above skimping and turning a garment up-side-down and inside-out, mothers of large families, farmers' wives and daughters, are the very ones who keep the fashion magazines alive. I have seen more so-called "ladies' magazines" in the country than I ever saw in a city, four times over. It's only fair that there should be a little bit of space devoted to the benefit of those who pay for the books, in the midst of all the stuff and rubbish which it is but a tax on their time to read.

Suppose you have a new alpaca dress. It is nice, soft, and shiny. It is to be your best dress for six months, or maybe a year to come. Such a supposition is by no means preposterous these hard times. You wish to make that said soft and shiny alpaca appear just as nicely as you can afford. You open a celebrated fashionable periodical, in the vague hope of finding something in it. It is the most pretentious fashion magazine in America, and lauds itself in a supremely high and mighty way as being the taste-moulder for the women of this country. As I was saying, you open it. The first picture you see is a representation of a grand opera toilet, worth not less than seven hundred dollars. Next you come to a "plain-waist house dress." Plain *waist* it is with a vengeance! It would be a plain waste of a hundred dollars to you if you should attempt anything at all like it. A lucid description accompanies the plate. You are directed how to make your plain-waist house dress. In the first place you must get a gros grain silk waist-lining. You are told that no lady will make a dress without a gros grain silk waist-lining, two dollars and fifty cents a yard. Disheartened, you look farther. On the next page a gorgeous female woman sits gracefully embracing a cat, and wearing an "apricot silk dress with black gros grain paletot."

Nice rig to coddle cats in, isn't it?

Next there is an ordinary walking dress, costing a trifle of seven dollars a yard, and bedizened with "Watteau bows" and that trash till it costs as much more. Meantime your nice black alpaca, which looked so beautiful and shiny to your unsophisticated eye, a little while ago, has become the meanest, shabbiest piece of goods to you, not fit to walk the same street with so much gorgeousness. You utterly despair of that black alpaca, but fancy that possibly you can find some patterns for your children. The heir of your house and perpetuator of your noble name is a healthy, rousing boy three years old, the dearest, dirtiest little stormer that ever stamped his foot at his mother, and ruined the result of half a day's anxious darning in two minutes. You really would like to find a pretty and convenient way of making his little skirts and jackets. You look at your high and mighty fashion book again. It describes in flowing language a "Highland suit for a boy not yet in trowsers." It is handsome and stylish. Nobody denies that. And it costs seventy-five dollars. A seventy-five dollar suit on that precious little mud-pie maker of yours! You turn faint to think of it. Maybe you have a merry little girl, her father's pet, and her grandfather's spoiled darling. You cudgel your brains, with your collapsed pocket-book, to think of a warm and becoming out-door winter suit for her. Your fashion book will be nothing less than an angel of mercy to you if it helps you out of this pinch. You open it, remembering your former experience, with an uneasy suspicion that you will find yourself snubbed more unmercifully than ever. And so you are. The only possible winter coat which any woman who calls herself a lady would put upon a little girl of four years old, is a magnificently braided work of high art, costing but twenty-five dollars, all told. And to keep warm the hands of these "wee toddlers," as you are told in a sprightly manner, nothing on earth will answer but a fourteen-dollar rabbit-skin muff. Dear, yes! To be sure! But it's my opinion that my "wee toddles," if I had any, would freeze in woollen mittens a long time before they got a fourteen-dollar muff to thrust their paws into.

So your grandiose fashion-book goes on, page after page, through a mess of confounded gammon and nonsense enough to make a woman swear. Verily "he that earneth wages earneth wages to put it into a bag with holes," if his wife attempts to obey the gospel of fashion as laid down in the polite magazines. Fine fashion-plates those, for poor folk, who, ignore them as fashion may, after all constitute the bulk of the population. It's altogether likely they always will.

Here's another item I've just discovered. "The fashionable chignon costs twenty-five dollars." That's some more of it. I tell you I've known ladies, highly esteemed of men and women, the value of whose whole wardrobe scarcely amounted to more than that. And they lived and did well, too. But they have felt what a certain fashionable gentleman called "damnition queer," with twenty-five dollars tacked to the back of their heads.

That pretentious fashion magazine I mentioned, and nearly all the rest of them, ought to print at the head of their columns: "This paper is published exclusively for rich women. No lady who is not worth $300,000 need subscribe." That is what they all say virtually, if they don't put it into words. Therefore do I arraign and accuse the fashion writers. I charge them, almost without exception, with being snobs. I arraign them for designing costumes for rich folks alone, and scarcely ever giving a single hint which helps us who belong to the people to make up our cheap costumes becomingly. That is the first item. After that there are some other charges I have to bring against them, serious ones. I arraign them for not contriving a good way to support a woman's clothing over the shoulder. And whatever fantastic decorations they may design and describe for wealthy women,—for not making it fashionable for women in average circumstances, or, even, in poor circumstances, to be satisfied, as men are, with two or three appropriate suits of clothing. For not discovering, inventing, or otherwise concocting, a head-dress which shall be fashionable, and at the same time comfortable and healthful. Finally, for not changing public opinion, so that a plain dress will be respectable, when its wearer cannot afford anything better.

So no more at present.

"If you want any more, you may sing it yourself."

ZIG.

[NOTE BY EDITOR OF POST.—It is clear that Zig does not see the LADY'S FRIEND. From that magazine she could select a style for her black alpaca, and send on for a pattern by which it could be easily made up; there are models simple enough for any taste, and patterns cheap enough for any purse. The LADY'S FRIEND is all the time supplying just such demands as hers,—plain patterns for plain people, who want to look well without too much outlay of time or money. Mothers find what they want for themselves, their little sons, and little daughters; and from all parts of the country,—from Maine to Texas, from Virginia to California, orders are constantly arriving. Curious, that the only fashion magazine accessible to Zig should be that "high and mighty" authority, only suited to duchesses, or to that class of Americans who outdo the grandees of the old world in prodigality and magnificence.]

A MILLINER PRINCESS.

A BONAPARTE MAKING BONNETS.

An advertisement quite without precedent has just appeared in the London papers, setting forth that millinery in the latest styles will be supplied to the nobility and gentry of London, by the Princess Pierre Napoleon Bonaparte. To be bedecked by a real princess must be the finishing touch of triumph to the sensation-seeking world of fashion; while the fact that her highness *in partibus* is described as a lady of prepossessing appearance and polished manners, a self-sacrificing mother and a devoted wife, adds to the romance of her very courageous resolution. It will be worth while if the "shoddy" dames of Baker street, whose husbands were haberdashers, and whose fathers were publicans, can boast that the hand of a Bonaparte has given a graceful sweep to their ribbons and imparted a French coquettishness to the angles and curves of their bonnets. These are truly levelling days, when dukes' sons go into "trade," princes write books on strikes, noble earls run steam engines, and countesses play in private theatricals, which are open to the public, in *decolletté* apparel; and the example of a princess who has the pluck to serve the fashionables in order to educate her three lovely children, and to keep the prince, her husband, from shabby-gentility, may be just the thing that monarchs out of business have been waiting for. Chambord's great uncle, Louis XVI., was cunning in the mending of watches and the construction of locks; while King Louis Philippe did not disdain to be the doorkeeper of the red-capped Jacobins; could not Chambord and the Count of Paris choose some humble trade and make it famous? And were it not better for them and for the world if they would go to lock-making and doorkeeping, leaving politics to take care of themselves, and France to rest awhile from their intrigues?

A BOY WHO LIKES POLITENESS.—Little Josie is a wonderful boy, fond of cookies, and brought up to a certain respect for the amenities of life. Indeed, he is "that particular" that when he asked his mother for a second cooky, and was answered "No," he evinced surprise at the unadorned curtness of the response, and said sternly, "Mamma, you must not say 'No,' but 'Yes, sir.'" We appeal to any mother-heart—did this infant Chesterfield, this baby diplomatist, get his cooky? We feel we can rely upon universal consciousness, and safely cut short our little story at this point, sure that it will be carried forward to its inevitable conclusion by the prophetic souls of all our readers.

A FRENCHMAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLISH GIRLS.

From M. Twain's "Notes on England."

Numbers of dinners or luncheons in town, walks in the country, with persons belonging to the upper middle class, and with some of the nobility. The drawing-rooms and the dinners are the same as everywhere else; there is a certain level of luxury and of elegance where all the wealthy classes of Europe meet. The only very striking thing at table, or in the evening, is the exceeding freshness of the ladies, and their toilette also; the hue of the skin is dazzling. Yesterday, I was placed beside a young lady whose neck and shoulders resembled snow, or rather mother-of-pearl; this extraordinary white is so powerful, that, to my eyes, it is not life-like; she wore a rose-colored dress, wreath of red flowers, green trimmings, and a golden necklace around the throat, like a savage queen; they have rarely a feeling for colors.

Great reception at a minister's; the staircase is monumental, and the drawing-rooms are lofty, princely; but this is uncommon; in general the house is not well arranged for receiving guests. When one has a large company, the two drawing-rooms on the first floor do not suffice; very rich people who are obliged to make a display, give their entertainment on two floors; the ladies, for lack of room and in order to get air, seat themselves on the steps of the stairs. To-day several distinguished persons were mentioned to me, but I have not the right to describe them. Some young ladies and young girls are extremely beautiful, and all the company are excessively dressed; many ladies have their hair decked with diamonds, and their shoulders, much exposed, have the incomparable whiteness of which I have just spoken; the petals of a lily, the gloss of satin do not come near to it. But there are many storks in gauze and tulle, many skinny jades, with prominent noses, jaws of macaws; ugliness is more ugly here than among us. As to the men, their physical type and their expression badly harmonize with their position; they are often too tall, too strong, too automatic, with eyes inert or wild, with angular and knotty features. I met again the two Frenchmen belonging to the Embassy; how agreeable as a contrast are their intelligent and lively, gay faces! It is sufficient to be introduced in order to be greeted with perfect politeness. The French wrongly think that they have the privilege of this. In this respect, in Europe, all well-brought-up people resemble each other.

Another evening at Lady ——'s. One of her daughters sang a Norwegian song at the piano, and sang it well, with animation and expression which are not common. According to the opinions of my musical friends, the English are still worse endowed than we are with respect to music; however, on this subject, all illusions are possible; Miss B., having pitilessly strummed a sonata, finished amidst general attention; her mother said to me, "She has quite a genius for it." Two other young girls are beautiful and pleasing; but too rosy, and upon this rosiness are too many adornments of staring green which vex the eye. But as compensation, how simple and affable are they! Twice out of three times when one converses here with a woman, one feels rested, affected, almost happy; their greeting is kindly, friendly; and such a smile of gentle and quiet goodness; no after-thought; the intention, the expression, everything is open, natural, cordial; one is much more at ease than with a French woman; one has not the vague fear of being judged, rallied; one does not feel one's self in presence of a sharpened, piercing, cutting mind that can quarter you in a trice, nor of a vivid, exacting, wearied imagination which demands anecdotes, spice, show, amusement, flattery, all kinds of dainties, and shuts you up if you have no tit-bits to offer her. The conversation is neither a duel nor a competition; one may express a thought as it is, without embellishment; one has the right to be what one is, commonplace. One may even, without wearying her or having a pedantic air, speak to her about serious matters, obtain from her correct information, reason with her as with a man. I transcribe some conversation taken down on the spot.

Dined with Mrs. T——; her two nieces are at table. They have the small, plain dresses of boarding-school girls. The elder never raises her eyes during the repast, or timidly glances around. This is not silliness; after dinner I talked freely for an hour with them. Their silence is mere bashfulness, infantine modesty, innocent wildness of the startled doe. When spoken to, their blood ascends to their cheeks; for myself, I love that youthfulness of the mind; it is not necessary that a young girl should too early have the assurance and the manners of society: the French girl is a flower too soon in bloom. They spend the winter and the summer in the country, twenty miles distant from the city. They walk for at least two hours daily; then they work in the family circle, where they listen to something read aloud. Their occupations are drawing, music, visits to the poor, reading (they are subscribers to a circulating library.) They read novels, travels, history, and some sermons. On Sunday there is church, and the school for the poor village children. They do not weary; they have no desire to see company. This winter they came to France, and found French women very agreeable, amiable, engaging, and sprightly. But they are surprised and hurt at the constant supervision which we keep over our girls. In England they are much more independent. Even in London, each of them may go out alone, or at least with her sister. Yet there is excess; they censure the fast girls who follow the bounds, treat men as comrades, and sometimes smoke. All is commonplace in these two young girls—education, mind, character, face; they are very healthy, they are fresh, nothing more; they are average girls; but this modesty, this simplicity, this health, this good sense, suffice to make a good wife who will be contented with her household, will have children without being sickly, will be faithful to her husband, and will not ruin him in dress.

The chief point is the absence of coquetry; I proceed to cite trifling instances, extreme, unfavorable. This winter in a Paris drawing-room where I was, a stout, red-faced bald man, related to a rather great English personage, entered leading his daughter of sixteen; pretty, gentle face, but what ignorance of dress! She had dark brown gloves, hair in curls, not glossy, a sort of badly fitting white casaque, and her waist resembled a log in a sack. All the evening she remained silent, like a Cinderella, amidst the splendors and supreme elegancies of the dresses and beauties surrounding her. Here, in St. James's Park, at the Exhibition, in the picture-galleries, many young ladies, pretty, well dressed, wore spectacles. I put aside several other traits; but it is clear to me that they possess in a much lesser degree than French women the sentiment which ordains that at every moment, and before every person, a woman stands with shouldered arms, and feels herself on parade. However, naturalness is less restrained, and breaks forth more freely. Recently, at thirty miles from London, we took a long walk with the daughters of the family, and we climbed a rather steep height. Still very young, they are true goats, always leaping, even when ascending, upon the sharp slopes and among the stones. Exuberance and freedom of the circulation, and of the animal forces: nothing feminine in the carriage, before arriving, their noisy babble, excitedness, their sparkling eyes, above all their energy, the emphasis of their pronunciation, gave the idea of merry English boys during the holidays. The youngest had bright crimson cheeks like a rosy apple; both of them had full jaws and large feet. Miss Charlotte, aged fifteen, told me that she could easily walk twenty miles. They first learned German from a nurse; but they do not know French yet. "Yet you have a French governess?" "Yes, but when one is stupid!" Then an outburst of laughter. Certainly self-love does not constrain them; they never dream of acting a part; tall and developed as we see them, daughters of a nobleman who is wealthy, they are children still; not one of their ideas, not one of their gestures, betrays the woman. Neither precocious nor worldly; these two traits coincide and engender a multitude of others. I can bear the testimony of my eyes to the great freedom which they enjoy; I see many of them in the morning at Hyde Park who have come to take a turn on horseback, without other companion than a groom. Two days after arriving in the country I was asked to give my arm to a young daughter of the family, in order to escort her to a place a mile off. S——, who has spent a year here, considers this loyal and free intercourse charming; a gentleman to whom he was introduced said, "Come to my house and I will make you acquainted with my daughters." They are mere amiable and honest comrades. One rides with them on horseback, one accompanies them to archery meetings, one chats familiarly with them on all, or nearly all, subjects; one laughs without after-thought. It were impossible even for a coxcomb to treat them otherwise than as if they were his sisters. At Manchester two of my French friends went to dine at a house. At eleven in the evening they were requested to escort home two young girls who were there. All the four entered a cab, and rode for half an hour. They chatted gayly, and without any trouble or embarrassment on either side. Thanks to these manners, the man most inured to the harshnesses and villainies of life must keep a corner of his soul for poetry, for tender sentiments. In this we are deficient. An Englishman who has travelled among us is astonished and scandalized to see men in Paris staring women in the face, not yielding the pavement to them. It is necessary to have lived among foreigners to know how much our manners, our remarks on this subject, are displeasing, and even offensive; they consider us bag-men, fops, and blackguards. The truth is that we feel with difficulty the sentiment of respect; sex, condition, education, do not create as great distinctions among us as among other nations. Moreover, in addition to individuals being more equal among us, they experience the necessity in a higher degree of being sensible of this equality.

Dined with F——. The ladies explained to me the training of young girls. In well-to-do or wealthy families they all learn French, German, Italian, in general from infancy, through nurses and foreign governesses. Commonly they begin with French; nearly all speak it fluently, and several without any accent; I have cited the sole exception I have encountered. They read Dante, Manzoni, Schiller and Goethe, our classics, Chateaubriand, and some moderns. Many learn a little Latin; that will be serviceable for the education of their children, or of their young brothers. Several learn natural history, botany, mineralogy, geology; they have a taste for all natural things; and in the country, at the sea-side, in their frequent journeys, they can see minerals, herbs, shells, form collections; besides, that suits the English habit, which consists in storing up facts; thus they are more instructed, and more solidly instructed, than among us. Another motive is, that many of the young girls never marry, and that it is requisite to prepare an occupation for them beforehand. Lady M—— cited the case of a family in her neighborhood, where there are five unmarried daughters, all beautiful; the older ones are thirty-five and thirty-six. This is because they have all been brought up in luxury, and have scarcely any dowry. Frequently a father only gives his daughter a sum equivalent to the income of his eldest son and heir; and, moreover, he obliges the gentleman who offers himself, to make a settlement on his daughter of two hundred, three hundred, four hundred pounds sterling yearly, whereof she will have the entire control when married, and which will be her pin money. This condition keeps away many suitors; besides, it is granted that one must marry for love, settled liking; now, it often happens that one does not feel this liking, or that one does not inspire it. Hence many girls miss the chance and remain spinsters. There are some in almost every family, the position of aunt being very well filled. They help to rear the children, superintend a part of the household, preserve-making or the linen cupboard, make herbariums, paint in water-colors, read, write, become learned. Many compose moral romances, and sometimes very good novels: Miss Yonge, Miss Kavanagh, Miss Bronte, the author of "John Halifax," Miss Thackeray, and others, are known; talent is frequent among authoresses, there are some of the first class,—Mrs. Gaskell, Miss Evans, Elizabeth Browning; the two last possess genius. Reckon again the translations: Numerous German and French works have been translated—and well translated—by women. Others write in magazines, compose small popular treatises, join a society, teach classes of poor children. The constant concern is to find an employment for their faculties, or to acquire a talent which serves as a remedy for weariness. The highest rank is not absolved. Witness the occupations of the Royal Family, the Queen and her daughters send water-colors, engravings, drawings done by themselves, to charity sales; Prince Albert was one of the most cultivated and active men in the kingdom; each one thus takes up one or two special subjects, labors at some improvement in agriculture, in science,—some beneficent work or institution.

Thus life is serious, and all, even young girls, know that they must prepare themselves and provide themselves for it. N——, who comes to England every year, visited one of his old friends, wealthy, and the father of a family, who said to him,—"I am put out; my daughter Jane is twenty-four, does not marry, frequently shuts herself up in the library, and reads solid works." "What dower will you give her?"—"Two thousand pounds sterling." "And your sons?"—"The eldest will have the estate; the second a mine which yields two thousand pounds." "Give five thousand pounds to Miss Jane." This phrase opened up vistas to the father; he gave her the five thousand pounds. Miss Jane has been married; she was made to be a mother; it would have been a pity to have converted her into a learned, spectacled spinster; if suitors do not offer themselves, it is because the style of the house is too great. As for me, what I admire here is the coolness, the good sense, the courage of the young girl who, seeing herself in a blind alley, alters her course without a murmur, and silently sets herself to study. To be instructed, learned, useful, acquire convictions, impart them to others, employ powers and employ them well, that is something; one may laugh if one likes, say that these manners form schoolmistresses, female pedants, blue stockings, and not women. As you please; but contrast this with our empty provincial idleness, the weariedness of our ladies, the life of an old maid who rears canaries, hawks scandal, does crochet-work, and attends every service. This is the more important because in England all are not female pedants. I know four or five ladies or young girls who write; they continue none the less pleasing and natural. Most of the authoresses whom I have cited, are, on the authority of my friends, domestic ladies of very simple habits. I have named two among them who possess genius; a great French artist whose name I could mention, and who has spent several days with each of them, did not know that they had talent; not once did a hint of authorship, the need of speaking of one's self and of one's books, occur during the twenty-four hours of talk. M——, being invited to the country, discovered that the mistress of the house knew much more Greek than himself, apologized, and retired from the field: then, out of pleasantry, she wrote down his English sentence in Greek. Note that this female Hellenist is a woman of the world, and even stylish. Moreover, she has nine daughters, two nurses, two governesses, servants in proportion, a large, well-appointed house, frequent and numerous visitors; throughout all this, perfect order; never noise or fuss; the machine appears to move of its own accord. These are gatherings of faculties and of contrasts which might make us reflect. In France we believe too readily that if a woman ceases to be a doll she ceases to be a woman.

PERSONAL.

GEN. TOM THUMB and company are performing in England.

MADAME THIERS, the wife of the French President, is making efforts to abolish the custom of wearing false hair.

WAGNER has already received for his Tannhauser alone more than ten times as much as Mozart was paid for all his operas.

ALFRED TENNYSON, the poet laureate of England, is stated to have declared his intention to visit America.

OLE BULL, now in Chicago, with his wife, will sail for Norway on May 21st.

MR. ALBERT BIERSTADT, the artist, has received from the Emperor of Russia the Stanislaus Cross, in recognition of attentions offered to the Grand Duke Alexis during his stay here.

LEVY, the man who plays ever so much on the cornet, is soon to be married to a young lady moving in fashionable circles in Buffalo. The hymeneal ceremonies are to take place in Russia, whither the eminent blower goes to fulfill a musical engagement at a figure per annum about double that which is paid to the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

THE REV. SPURGEON says he never wrote nor memorized a sermon in his life. He uniformly carries a "brief" on a half sheet of note-paper into the pulpit, but seldom refers to it.

NEARLY all eminent living composers and singers are of humble descent. Verdi was the son of a tinsmith; Gounod's father was a lawyer's clerk; Ambroise Thomas was born in a peasant's cabin; Offenbach's parents were poor trading Jews; Richard Wagner's father was a farmer; Pauline Lucca, in her childhood, sang in the streets of Vienna, and Christine Nilsson at the village faire of Sweden.

CONSPICUOUS among the ladies who have become journalists in this country may be mentioned Miss Margaret F. Buchanan, of the Chicago Evening Post. For two years she has been the principal assistant of the editor, writing leaders on every conceivable topic, political, literary, religious, financial, etc., and doing any amount of small work in the way of dramatic and musical criticism. During the month succeeding the fire she wrote more than a column and a half a day. Readiness is her strong point. She is an Irish Catholic of the strictest sort, a radical in politics, and a girl who is said to have never thought seriously of marrying. She knows so much about "leaders" that she probably don't want one to dominate her.

THE TICHBORNE claimant, in his public appeal for aid, says: "That I am Roger Charles Doughty Tichborne I solemnly declare, and which fact I have already proved by eighty-six witnesses, and will prove again by more than two hundred, if necessary; and that I am not Arthur Orton I will prove beyond the shadow of a doubt by witnesses who knew both Orton and myself. As to the tattoo marks, at least twenty-four disinterested witnesses will prove that I, Roger Tichborne, was never tattooed; but that Arthur Orton was, there will be conclusive evidence forthcoming."

NOTHING could have been more diverting than the manner in which the bride of Sir Charles Dilke arrayed herself for the great event of her life; and, as it ushers in a new style of marriage ceremony, it is "a part of the eternal fitness of things" that the lady readers of the Post should know the details. It is told by a lady, thus: "Miss Shell, the bride, called early one morning on an intimate family friend of mine and asked her to go shopping with her, to which my friend consented. When their shopping business was concluded, Miss Shell asked her if she could spare a little further time to accompany her to church, as she was going to be married that morning. She said she would not keep her long, as the service would be short, and she would not have to answer any questions. The bride, I may tell you, was dressed in a water-proof cloak, and wore a brown straw hat, and these articles of attire she kept on during the whole of the ceremony. Immediately the service was concluded she rushed into the vestry to sign her name in the register, without even waiting for her husband. As soon as this was done she seated herself in the brougham, bid my friend adieu, and told her that she should be happy to see her that day fortnight, when they returned from their marriage trip, as on that occasion they intended to give some of their friends a Champagne luncheon. The citizen and citizeness then drove from the church to several of the shops, and then to his house, in Sloane street, where the lady wrote various letters and invitations for the Champagne luncheon, ate a beefsteak for her dinner, and then left with her aristocratic republican husband for the country to spend the honey-moon."

HOW THE OPERATOR SUCCEEDED.

A young man from Willoughby came to the city to have his photograph taken, to send to his girl, who is eating buckwheat cakes and studying French at Vassar College. Owing to the length of his nose the artist was unable to take a good picture; for to get his face distinctly made his nose too dark, and gave him the appearance of a Good Templar on a strike; while to produce the proper *chiaro oscuro* effect on his nasal organ, rendered his facial expression too indistinct. At last the artist (who is no slouch at jerking a camera) placed his instrument on wheels and commenced photographing his nose at the point, gradually pushing the camera forwards until he obtained a negative of the entire nose, and then proceeded to take the rest of his face as usual. The sights on the camera were first adjusted at three hundred yards, and reduced to a plain dead level shot at the close. The picture was duly placed in a case with a bay window attachment for the proboscis, and sent to Vassar.—*Cleveland Leader.*

CHANGES.—A young lady, in a class studying physiology, made answer to a question put, that in six years a human body became entirely changed, so that not a particle which was in it at the commencement of the period would remain at the close of it.

"Then, Miss L.," said the young tutor, "in six years you will cease to be Miss L. ?"

"Why, yes, sir, I suppose so," said she, very modestly looking at the floor.

LIFE'S APRIL.

Sweet soul—blithe April verging towards May,
Whose shadows speed
O'er blossomed mead
Chased by the light of variable day—

Thou hast a beauty that is more than fair,
Where the wren sings,
There on their wings
Breezes from out the thickets seem to bear.

Soft, changeful airs that, coming, seem to go,
So light they pass,
As dew from grass
Ere silver suns have cast their golden glow

The passeless flutter of a ruffled pool,
Breaks o'er thy face,
To pass in grace
Where every tiny wave sinks calm and cool.

No heat, no flame, but a mild lambent light
Plays round thy words,
Till, like struck chords,
Our answering hearts go singing in thy sight.

Thy smiles glance out like sparkles on the snows,
Or rays that cross
The dew-touched moss
That comes so fresh and fair before the rose.

Thy tears, that start so quick, that flow so free,
Seemed poured by grief
For her relief
Because cold sorrow hath no hold on thee.

Ah! who would see thee other than thou art?
Who downward bring
The quivering wing
The eddying dance of the untrammelled heart?

Spare her, thou World! Brush not the down which lies
So soft, so light:
In time's despite,
Leave that unconscious soul within her eyes!

E. L. H.

MARK JARRETT'S DAISY.

THE WILD FLOWER OF HAZELBROOK.

BY PIERCE EGAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK," "VIOLET; OR, THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE," &c.

CHAPTER XX.

"IT IS ONE OF THE PRINCESSES."

And now the Rokebys have arrived in London.

Not at a northwestern or a northern suburb have they taken up their abode, but in a noble mansion in Belgravia.

Mrs. Rokeby had not come thither as she had arranged, in charge of her son, leaving her husband a convalescent at Fairholme Priors until he had strength to make the journey too; for when she was on the eve of completing her preparations, she was startled by Mr. Rokeby abruptly informing her that he had altogether changed his mind with regard to his own movements, and intended accompanying her.

He further greatly amazed her by stating he had some special reasons for believing that he should make a lengthened stay in the City of Cities, and with this view he had instructed his legal man of business in London to dispose of his old town house and purchase another he had been advised of, which was detached, spacious, and was surrounded by grounds, which were not only ornate, but considering the high value of the land in the locality, really extensive.

Mrs. Rokeby's quick intelligence told her that this was a portion of some secret plan, a part of which had been the disposal of her stud, the hidden inducement for which she had not detected, but had given it up in good faith, believing that the apparent reason for urging her to part with it was the real one. She instantly resolved not only to be on her guard, but to counterplot—plot for plot.

She had herself built up a plan with a view to an ultimate result, under the belief that the old town house would be the base of her operations, but now it was needful to alter her tactics, and to take entirely different ground to that she had chosen.

She heard Mr. Rokeby in silence; and when he had ended by saying the arrangements for leaving Fairholme Priors and transferring the household to London would be completed in a fortnight from that date, she said, quietly, but with a peculiar emphasis that made him wince—

"What stabling is there attached to the London mansion?"

"Ample, I imagine, for your requirements, Mrs. Rokeby," he answered with a look of disquiet.

"I doubt it," she returned, dryly. "Change of mind appears to be the order of the day. I have changed mine. I shall reserve the pick of my stud from the sale, and order them to be sent on to London."

"There is no fox-hunting in London, madam," he exclaimed, elevating his eyebrows. "Your hunters will be out of place there—the laughing stock of the men there."

"Not for the use to which I shall put them," she responded, with slightly knitted brows, and a smile on her lips that troubled him.

"What use?" he demanded, excitedly.

"All in good time Al, my love," she returned, with a laugh, which irritated him exceedingly. "You will approve it, I do not doubt, and you will ascertain soon enough. It will be before, at least, my Willy marries your *protégée*, the fair Gabrielle."

"My *protégée*," he repeated, with sparkling eyes. "Your niece—your own sister's child—her own—her child, Mrs. Rokeby."

"Perhaps," she observed, in a chill tone. "You discovered her, introduced her into the house, declared her to be—whom she is understood to be—and you are responsible thus far for her paternity. But a child should surely possess some trace of its mother's features. I do not find one of my sister's reproduced in Belle's."

"You have never disputed that Gabrielle is your lost sister's child," he exclaimed, impetuously.

"I never doubted that the proper time would arrive for that declaration of faith," she responded with a curling lip.

"It is not too late to do it now," he rejoined, with a marked emphasis.

She waved her hand.

"It is not too late for many strange things to come to pass yet," she returned, with a significance which troubled and disturbed him. "You know that we have some mysteries of the last importance to the welfare of our house to clear up, and this is one. Its day has not yet come; it is, therefore, not too late."

"If your doubts have been created by the absence of resemblance beween Gabrielle and your fascinatingly beautiful sister, I would counsel you to banish them at once," he said, with a decision as if the argument he was about to offer was conclusive. "Your sister's face was unique. There is a faint trace of family points between yours and hers, but that is all. You never saw another human face like to your sister's."

"I have," she returned, passing her hand across her brow, "and it has perplexed and harassed me strangely."

"Impossible!" he ejaculated, impatiently.

"Both possible and true," she answered, hastily, yet half musingly. "Very strange—very strange indeed—yet no less true. In fact, it is one urgent reason which has prompted me—"

She paused, for she caught his eyes fastened upon her with an eager scrutiny.

"What reason?" he demanded, as she remained silent.

She made a hasty gesture with her hand.

"That is for the future," she responded shortly, but with decision. "I am, however, reminded by it that I must confer at once with Stevens, my stud groom; there will be much to arrange—and time is precious."

Uttering the last sentence in a tone which Mr. Rokeby understood to convey a hidden meaning, she moved as if to leave the room, but he intercepted her in a very decided kind of way; and as he attached great importance to the remark respecting the resemblance to her sister which she had made, he said—

"There are times, Blanche, when every word that falls from your lips has its set meaning and peculiar weight. I feel sure that you would not have made your recent remarkable assertion in reference to a person who in even a small degree bore a likeness to your lost sister unless you had real foundation for it, and an object in making it. You know me to be very deeply interested in all matters that relate to her, and I therefore request you to give me the name, and some particulars of the individual to whom you have referred."

She settled her brilliant eyes on his with a steadfast gaze, and emphasizing her words, she said, slowly—

"The particulars relative to the individual you must gather for yourself. Her name is—MARK JARRETT'S DAISY!"

As she concluded, she swept from the room.

He stood motionless, as if her strange revelation had taken out of him all power of action. The words rang through his brain. A cold sickness of trepidation seized him. A colder perspiration stood in thick beads on his forehead.

"Mark Jarrett's Daisy!" repeated itself a thousand times in his ears. "Mark Jarrett's Daisy!"

Why, he had heard that name many, many times, without heeding it. He had, in years gone by, known a Mark Jarrett under some very terrible circumstances, which had entailed a deadly animosity between them, but a wide gulf had for a long period separated them. The Mark Jarrett of the Devil's Hollow, he had assumed, was another individual of the same name, otherwise he would not have ensconced himself under his very nose, and made no sign. Nay, had not his son been in his immediate vicinity without having sustained injury; had not Mrs. Rokeby met the man's daughter—nay, this very Daisy of whom she had spoken—in the hunting-field without injurious result? Besides, the Mark Jarrett with whom he had such mortal strife had no child, and—"

Here the cold sweating resumed its paralyzing effect, for it flashed through his mind that Mark Jarrett's Daisy, not being Mark Jarrett's child, might be the twin of whose existence he had been mysteriously made acquainted with—might, indeed, be rightfully entitled to the position which Gabrielle had so long filled.

Had he been duped, tricked, done completely by the woman Stoke, and that supereminent knave, Titus Vink, and had he all his work to begin over again? Had he to cast the young girl whom he had reared so carefully out into the world as an impostor, after having held her up to society as his niece and future daughter-in-law, and to set out in search of the true niece, of whose actual existence he had received the most positive assurance?

Bewildered and distracted, feeble as he was, he at once proceeded to make certain inquiries, and they resulted in confirming his hastily-formed resolve to take up his abode in London for a time, for there alone he had now reason to believe he should be able to prosecute researches which were of the last importance to himself with success.

To London, therefore, he transferred himself, with his family and his household, the faithful Dean controlling all the arrangements.

The trusted Dean, who had not yet recovered from his fraternization with Preacher and Small Dealer Titus Vink. The honest Dean, who had been in a steam since he had discovered that the packet of tea-spoons, table-spoons, forks, and dessert knives, and that containing jewelry, had vanished from his desk along with Titus Vink.

In a steam, because, while his fury at this shameless robbery—as in his own mind he termed it—was illimitable, he was unable to permit it to have a free course. He was not certain that Titus Vink, if it suited his purpose, would not betray him; nor was he certain, although he thought it exceedingly probable, that he would not appropriate the plunder to his own pecuniary benefit. He could make no outcry, because he would have to charge Titus Vink with having robbed him of spoons, &c., which he had himself stolen, and the only thing he felt he could be certain about was that he would never again have those spoons and trinkets in his possession.

He had not yet missed the packet containing the antique cross; but when he did it would be time for Titus Vink to fasten his chamber door at night, and even then be prepared to be found dead in his bed on the following morning.

"I shall see him in London," he thought, with a racking brain. "He will have business with Mr. Rokeby, as sure as I live. Shan't imagine, from my manner to him, that I have missed the spoons *then*, but I'll coax him into my snuggery. I'll cure his 'collect' for him, the unprincipled, sneaking thief; I'll dose him. I'll favor him with an attack of 'collict'—the hypocritical, canting, swanctified, pillaging filch—swooping off my hard-earned scrapings too!"

So, when fairly settled down in London, and he perceived, as he soon did, that the mysteries in agitation at Fairholme Priors, as an undercurrent, were already seething and bubbling up here, and would soon boil up furiously, he lay wait for Titus Vink—watched his coming as a spider, old, crafty, and many-legged, large-eyed, and silently grinning, lurks in a covert in his web, watching the advent of that black fly, which he intends to leave—when he has done with him—only a skin.

The house in Belgravia was an old one, which had been a ducal residence. It had been repaired, altered, splendidly redecorated, changed in many respects, but it still retained some of the winding, wandering communications, with short-cut connections, known, as a rule, only to one or two of the principals. They were protected by doors and locks, the keys to which were in as few hands. These quaint, narrow, seldom-used passages were of the kind which give lone country houses the character of being haunted, and many a stray cat or bat, in the distraction of being lost in one of these intricate ways at night, have given a house a ghostly reputation which has clung to it for a century.

Mr. Rokeby at once made himself master of these secret communications, and had special keys fitted to the locks for his private use, while not appearing to be aware of their existence.

Mrs. Rokeby had, however, already secured the original keys to these obscure places, in her position as chatelaine of the household, and Dean immediately after he had explored them, provided himself with a set, before the family had taken up its residence in the house.

"One never knows what one may require on an emergency," he cogitated, with a significant wink, addressed to himself, as he thought of the loss he had sustained through Titus Vink.

Gabrielle Luttrell also very quickly discovered that there was such intercommunication, and she silently resolved to provide herself with a master key, if it were procurable. She had, unhappily, need of unseen ingress and egress, for she had an attendant demon for ever dogging her footsteps, who might compel her to confer with him at unreasonable hours, possibly to admit him to clandestine audience within the house. She could not foresee to what desperate straits his possession of a secret, which with an inconceivable horror and dread she feared to be true, might force her; for while he preserved it there was the very best chance for her marriage with a wealthy, probably a noble, suitor, but if he betrayed it, there would be before her an abyss, whose depths she could not trust herself to imagine.

Time and events travel so fast that laggards in the race see the prize for which they are contending snatched from their grasp, and incur from their own dilistoriness other penalties besides loss, mortification, and disappointment.

Of those who had, as we have seen, journeyed to London, scheming to achieve a particular result, there were none who did not comprehend the value of time, and the importance of being first in the race; and in the villas at St. John's-wood, at Highgate, and at the splendid mansion in Belgravia not a day was suffered to elapse before the wheels of the conflicting projects were set in rapid motion.

The most remarkable feature in this undercurrent of circumstances, moving in a different direction to the flow, gliding on the surface, was the change in the outward appearance, the manner, and the conduct of Mr. Rokeby.

It has been said that in his youth he had been handsome, bright, of great promise, high-spirited, excelling in many accomplishments both in the library and in the field, but that he had suddenly falsified all those expectations by abruptly quitting society and becoming a recluse. Now he returned into life with a vigorous earnestness which amazed every one who knew him, and with such a cleverly assumed zest for its pleasures, that he baffled all who sought to look deeper for motives for so extraordinary a change.

He dressed like his son; and so skilfully did his tailor and valet manage his toilet for him, that he looked, when "turned out," young enough to be Wilfred's elder brother. He added to his wife's already ample stud, and was to be seen in "the Row" among the swarms of noble equestrians there superbly mounted. He had carriages of the latest and most expensive fashion, and he laid himself out for invitations for himself and Mrs. Rokeby—to whom he had become almost troublesomely affectionate and attentive—and made arrangements to give a series of entertainments on a liberal scale.

This was for the outside world. In its secret eddyings he began to circle too.

He wanted to find Mark Jarrett's Daisy.

She was in London, that he had ascertained. The Mark Jarrett with whom she dwelt, was the Mark Jarrett whom he had known in years gone past, and with whom he had a deadly feud—that, also, he had made himself acquainted with; but where he and his Daisy were hidden he could not discover.

He felt certain, however, that if this girl were really the girl of whom he was now in such anxious search, Mark Jarrett would not permit her to remain hidden. He had, he was but too well aware, a secret object in having her in his possession—for he knew that she was not his child—and that object would not be effected without the girl being flashed, like an apparition, in society; appearing, to create wonder—vanishing, to raise up amazement, and a thousand eager inquiries.

All his investigations respecting her—since Mrs. Rokeby had startled him by declaring that she resembled that sister who had married Gray Luttrell—bore out these conditions, and he had now only to see her to satisfy himself whether, in pursuing her, he was following up the right track to accomplish an event, to which he had determined to devote the best energies of his life.

He at first waited for the appearance of Titus Vink, with the information he had set him to procure; but Titus was still in bed, next door to little Bethel, at Rantham-cum-Rasphall, bathing—a very unusual process with him—his bruises with lotion, and had not come.

A strange woman had twice or thrice endeavored to procure an interview with him after his arrival in London, on a subject which she refused to communicate to any one but him alone. Dean had intercepted her, and prevented her seeing him, in the expectation that he should become master of the secret she sought to communicate, and appropriate it to his own use; but the woman—who was no other than Joyce Stoke—had her own interests as well as Mr. Rokeby's to serve, so she did not part with a word to Dean, although she intimated to him that if he debarred her from obtaining admission to the presence of Mr. Rokeby in secret, she might part with a preparation to him which would not mingle kindly with the wine he stole from his master.

There was no one else who tried to throw themselves in Mr. Rokeby's way, and therefore, in the absence of any attempt to make secret communication with him, he expected that where Mrs. Rokeby showed herself in public, Mark Jarrett's Daisy might suddenly appear like a meteor.

Therefore, when he found his wife mounted on her splendid horse, Elfrite, who had been taken into favor again, took airings every day in the Park, in the Ring, and the Row, and that she was mostly accompanied by Wil and Bertie, and that she attracted great attention from her splendid and graceful horsemanship, he joined the party, mounted on an Arabian, and exciting by the caracolling and curvetting of his horse almost as much attention, if not as much admiration, as his wife.

It may be imagined that Gabrielle would not be left out of this equestrian party, and though she was not a finished horsewoman, she could ride fairly; she also looked high-bred, and with her blonde complexion, fair hair, and rather light blue habit, exceedingly attractive.

With a greatly gratified vanity, she found herself sharing notice with Mrs. Rokeby, whose beautiful healthy face, with its winning expression however, really took the palm, and she observed many an eyeglass, raised by young men of high rank and position, directed on her with a palpitating heart.

If they served only to play off against Wil or Earl Marston, or even Bertie, so that she could escape the horror of being denounced as a changeling, and expelled from her present high place, they were welcome.

Thus several owners of eye-glasses and princely fortunes caught a glance from her pale eyes, which made them gurgle "By Jove!" and believe that their personal merits had won the approbation of "a superb girl." They decided to find out who she was, and get into her "set." Gabrielle was woman enough to comprehend this by the battery of glances fired at her for her one shot, and she hoped. Hoped with Colonel Waldron like a fiend at her elbow, and was so gratified thereby that she forgot he was by her side, keeping eternal punishment in her thoughts.

Yet a few days, and this equestrian exercise was repeated, with little alteration. Some additions by this time were made to the party, because it began to be thought a privilege to be one of a group which, as it swept along a little beyond the regulation pace, caught all eyes, and elicited expressions of approbation, not merely of the beautiful, proud animals, with their sleek, shining coats, but the ladies and gentlemen whom they bore, Wil and Bertie coming in for a very considerable share of favor from some transcendently beautiful eyes, which looked their approval with even less disguise than Gabrielle had adopted.

Both Wil and Bertie glanced at the entrancing orbs, and at the delicately-complexioned young faces, but with an eagerness which, charming as they mostly were, was not intended for them. After a searching investigation, they turned away with an air of disappointment not flattering to the beauty they looked upon.

Not that Bertie had the least expectation of discovering the double of that face of which Wil was in such anxious search; but he made comparisons, and did not find one which approached the standard of female loveliness he had recently set up. Since the vision he had seen at Dovedale, he had become remarkably fastidious.

To an observer it would have seemed strange, and not quite *en règle*, that Mrs. Rokeby's eyes should roam scrutinizingly and restlessly at the faces of all the fair equestrians; stranger that Mr. Rokeby should do so too, being a married man, and in his wife's presence. That Wil and Bertie should inspect the pretty faces of the young and aristocratic maidens riding three-parts bred hacks, or lolling back in carriages, was not so surprising; but that all should with expanded eyeballs watch eagerly right and left, north, east, west, and south, as if they anxiously anticipated the coming of one whom they feared to miss, was peculiar enough to excite comment.

Yet without success. At dusk they returned to dinner; afterwards they proceeded to the opera, or to concerts, or to assemblies, as might be; but nowhere could they find one who even resembled Mark Jarrett's Daisy.

Wil was not content with thus much, but he rode out at dawn, before noon, after noon in all directions, and he set Tib Tot to work, too, little dreaming—any more than Tib did—how good his chance was to obtain information of the Daisy.

A splendid afternoon before the hour of six, the sun declining in cloudless splendor, diffusing effulgence over the thousand riders and tenants of carriages in the Park, from a royal princess to the humble occupier of a four-wheeled pony-chaise, which the supercilious policeman stationed there looked upon to be of equal respectability to a baked potato can—a "carridge" to be thrust back, shoved aside, stopped, and otherwise peremptorily ordered about, when some distinguished person, in the usual fatuous fashion, had caused a block.

The Park had seldom been fuller—certainly not of fashionables; peers and peeresses, lords, ladies, baronets, and honorables by scores. Locomotion was almost stopped. Everybody seemed to know everybody, to exchange nods, smiles, and to be ineffably overjoyed at the mutual recognition, while under their breath they uttered the most sarcastic jibes, the bitterest satires, and the cruelest scandal concerning each other.

Suddenly a round-bodied mounted policeman, whose uniform seemed buttoned with excruciatingly painful tightness, and whose face was scarlet, and his eyes starting from out of his head in consequence, appeared on the scene.

He looked to be in a condition of delirious excitement, flourished a baton, and ordered all the carriages to double up, and contract into impossible proportions—into cocked hats, if it could be accomplished, and placed under the arms of the occupiers. He "ya-hooed and yup-yuped there," pointed to all quarters of the globe, and motioned like a semaphore to a body of policemen in a straggling condition, who ya-hooed and yup-hooped too, as all of a moment they darted about, seized the bridles of horses, backed them into carriages, and carriages into rails skirting the road, as if they had broken out into a furious madness, and had a maniacal spite against unoffending carriage horses.

Coachmen swore, horses reared, the *élite* looked fiercely at the pompous officials through their eye-glasses, and cried—

"A—lookar yeah! you know! A dem—fellah—I say—yah! you know!"

Ladies screamed and looked shocked, also indignant and angry, as wheels scraped and panels crashed, and for some minutes considerable confusion prevailed, but at length out of the entangled throng of carriages, interminglied in what seemed to be inextricable confusion, a narrow lane of more than a mile in length was formed.

"The Queen is coming!" ran from month to mouth, and those exclamations quickly helped to complete the order which the apparently demented and purse-proud policemen had attempted to effect.

Every person looked expectant. All seemed eager and anxious to look upon the well-known face of her majesty, hopeful to see her in that radiant health with which she was for so many years blessed, and which had been of late so sadly withdrawn from her.

Enlarged, glittering eyes flashed with anticipation, necks craned and stretched, and heads were turned round corners, not only to enable their owners to obtain a good, but the first view.

At this moment a strange buzz of surprise and admiration arose from the assembled carriages. A single horsewoman, attended by a groom in a dark gray livery, advanced along the well-kept line at a swift pace.

She was superbly mounted. Her horse, though evidently a hunter, was a thoroughbred, with every point in perfection, and it glided gracefully and swiftly over the ground, like a racehorse taking his preliminary canter.

The *equestrienne* was quite young, and in appearance very remarkable. She was attired in a habit of darkish pearl-blue, which fitted her exquisitely, and was of a style to make Poole faint with envy—if he had not made it. Her face, unconcealed by the usual filmy covering, was of tender sweetness, and a loveliness "to make us sigh forever to have seen such;" her hair long, and in waving tresses, floated behind her shoulders like a golden gauze veil.

The horse, on which she was seated with the most graceful ease, was a silver gray, and his coat shone like new rich satin. He threw his feet together after the manner of a fleeing deer, and covered an extraordinary stretch of ground at every bound.

The groom, well mounted, had the greatest work to maintain his proper distance; but he kept his horse to his work, for there was a look of disquiet on his face as he glanced at the policemen, as though he expected to be at any moment engaged in a difficulty with them.

But those active guardians of public order seemed to respect his brown belt, his pepper-and-salt frock-coat, his heavy hunting-whip, and the cockade on his hat.

"It is one of the princesses," whispered many voices.

"Dark pepper-and-salt gray is the royal private livery," remarked a knowing old man.

"It is one of the princesses!" thought the policemen, standing up well, as if they had swallowed at least a quart of that excellent starch used only in the Royal laundry.

And now the young single horsewoman swept past the group of the Rokebys, and Bertie suddenly cried out—

"The Spirit of the Dove!"

Simultaneously cried Wil—

"It is Mark Jarrett's Daisy!"

"It is Mark Jarrett's Daisy!" echoed Mrs. Rokeby, in almost a shrill voice.

"Mark Jarrett's Daisy!" ejaculated Mr. Rokeby, and gazing with starting eyes at that lovely young face, which was turned, with a pleasant smile, to his son Wilfred.

And now the monarch of the policemen, in his insufferably tightly-buttoned coat, caught sight of the Daisy coming towards him, and commenced to play semaphore with both hands frantically, for he observed that Wil Rokeby had turned his horse into the kept lane between the carriages, that Bertie had also joined him, and that Mr. Rokeby had clapped spurs to his horse, and had with extreme eagerness joined in hot pursuit.

The kingly official, having satisfied himself by a lightning glance that the slight and graceful Daisy was not a "Royal Princess," even though her groom was attired in a delusive livery, was aghast at her "wonderful cheek," and decided at once that she must be banished instantly from public view, even if it were necessary to give her into custody. Consequently, in military fashion, he "ya-hooed" and "yup-yuped" lustily to a serene policeman near at hand, and the man, waking up with a start, made a lunge at the bridle of Daisy's horse.

With a touch of her hand she turned Silvershade out of his reach, and with a sudden word of encouragement, put him direct at a four-wheeled pony-chaise, drawn up by the Park railings. A fat old couple were in this vehicle, on the eager lookout for royalty, and they bobbed down their heads with a wild howl of fright, as Silvershade, attended by a ringing cheer from the surprised multitude, passed clear over them, and dashed away into the green expanse beyond.

But as they raised up their faces indignantly, they heard a shout and a cheer commingled; a black cloud, at the same moment, was glooming over their heads. A second horse, bearing a groom, was, in fact, vaulting over them; but this time dangerously close, for the off hind hoof of the animal carried away the old man's hat with it. They ducked their heads with a scream, the old lady crying "Murder!" and the old gentleman, "Police!"

A third time they had to crouch down with a sudden "flop," for Wil Rokeby faced their vehicle, uttered a loud cheer to his horse, and went clear over them, his horse taking the leap like a deer over a low fence.

Bertie, to their despairing terror, was about to follow Wil closely; but by this time the police bashaw and a batch of constables were at the spot. They seized the bridles of Bertie's and Mr. Rokeby's horses, backed them with insane and wholly uncalled-for violence among the carriages, to the injury of the horses, amid the screams of women and shouts of men, and glared, horse-policemen and all, as if they were about to eat up the two offenders, animals included, without waiting for pepper or salt.

At this instant, however, there was raised the cry of "The Queen!" and in the immediate confusion that prevailed, Bertie and Mr. Rokeby were released. Instantly afterwards, when Her Majesty had passed, and all the vehicles were commingling again in an incongruous mass, they worked their way out of the complication, but by different routes, and both set off, though in dissimilar directions, in pursuit of Mark Jarrett's Daisy.

CHAPTER XXI.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

Alas for Wil's pursuit of the fleeing beauty! It was not destined to be successful.

When he had cleared the pony-chaise, the promenaders on the sidewalk, knocked over a tall soldier who was ogling a short, pert-looking nursemaid, convulsed with felicity by his notice, scattered straggling children, and lifted the hair of an astounded park-keeper up to the crown of his hat at his reckless disregard of the Park regulations, he caught sight of Daisy, followed by her groom, fleeing away at a rapid pace in the distance.

Once she looked back, and kept her face towards him, as if inviting him to follow; but needing no such invitation, he pushed his horse onward at an increased pace.

He saw that Daisy's groom looked sharply towards him immediately after his young mistress had done so, and he beheld him wave him menacingly back with his whip, to which he paid as much attention as he had done to the semaphoring of the mounted policemen, for he instantly pricked the sides of his horse with his spurs, and applied his whip to him.

He had the satisfaction of finding that he was lessening the distance between him and the groom, if not between him and Daisy, and he was thus enabled to discover in the angry face of her attendant that of Abel Stoke.

There was a fierce, dangerous, desperate expression in the young man's pale face, which he noticed with calm contempt; yet, as he perceived that he unquestionably intended to interpose between him and the fair Daisy, he took a tighter grip of his whip, determining to hurl him out of his way with a blow that should unseat him if he came between him and the object of his pursuit.

Yet at this very instant his horse put his foot down in a hole, stumbled, fell, threw Wil, and recovering himself, galloped away at the top of his speed.

Wil was for the moment stunned, but speedily recovered himself, and was assisted to his feet by a quickly-gathered crowd, bruised and shaken, but not materially hurt. When he could collect his thoughts, and looked anxiously in the direction Daisy had taken, she was no longer visible, neither was Abel Stoke.

His horse, after some little time, was caught and brought back to him, but not until he saw that further pursuit of Daisy would at present be useless. He knew well enough, from the mystery which enshrouded her, that she would not, if she desired to keep her present abode a secret, leave a trail for him to follow up; and if she did not desire that her location should remain unknown, he flattered himself that she would permit him to become acquainted with it.

He rode slowly homeward, without attempting to rejoin his party, with the negative consolation that he had seen Daisy. That he had caught the beaming look she had bestowed upon him, the prolonged gaze—certainly from the motion of her head, not an offended one—she had favored him with, and the reassuring feeling that she would again be visible, to give him another chance of discovering her dwelling-place, and thus an opportunity of accomplishing an interview with her.

If she did—ah, if she did—he would most eloquently pour forth his gratitude for the great debt he owed her upon his mother's account, likewise a certain mission with which she had entrusted him, also sentiments of an ardent and glowing description, which, as he raced through them in his own mind, were exceedingly rhapsodical, flighty, brimful of passionate homage, and generally perilous expressions of fealty and love.

Yes, love! It was no use disguising it. Love at first sight, love at second or third sight! Love!—the offspring of romantic situation, bred in excitement, and fostered by an overheated imagination it might be, yet love it was. He was sure of it. He had never experienced any emotion at all resembling it before. He had never looked upon any daughter of Eve with such intense feelings. Her beauty had entranced him; but her singular, artless sweetness of expression—that innocent guilelessness which shone in her eyes—had completely enchained him. He felt that it was wise and good that she should become his whole, sole property, to be constantly folded to his heart, and pass her life—if it extended to a thousand years, so much the better for both—with him in perpetual sunbeams, in a corraline, floraline, emeraldine island set somewhere in the Ægean Sea, with a cerulean sky forever spread above them, laden with spicy, balmy, fragrant breezes, always floating about them, and intoxicating them with ecstatic delights.

He did not disguise from himself that she was a mystery, and as regarded an alliance, in her present indefinable position, she was about as eligible a match for him as if she were John Nokes's daughter or Tom Stiles's niece, and was as likely to be accepted by his father for a daughter-in-law as one or both. But what was that to him in his present stage of the tender passion? He was quite as prepared to unite his fate with hers by the sanctity of the marriage vow as if she had been a known countess in her own right. More so, for he might not really care for any young countess, and he did for her. The way in which he pressed his temples with his hot hands, and pressed them clenched upon his beating, aching heart, as he thought this, told how much.

He would marry her there and then, if she would have him. He would give her a world and all its treasures, if he had the power to bestow it. Like Alexander, he would conquer another world for her if she wished for it, and it existed, and he could conquer it. Never, indeed, was poor male mortal so completely fascinated, so entirely submerged, plunged "forty fathom deep" in the turbulent sea of inconsiderate love by the beauty of a little maiden, unconscious of her exceeding loveliness, as Wilfred by Daisy.

This passion, roused, in the first instance, by the charms of face, confirmed by a deed, it seemed to him, of unparalleled bravery, which made him her debtor for his mother's life, was not lessened by what the latter had announced to him during the conference they had together concerning her.

Mrs. Rokeby acknowledged, without a reservation or qualification, her full sense of what she owed to Mark Jarrett's Daisy for having saved her from a dreadful death, and it was not only her desire but her intention to requite it. How to do it in some adequate way was the question.

Both promptly felt, and agreed, that a pecuniary offering, or a set of jewelry, however magnificent, would be quite out of place. What would be in the shape of an equivalent acceptable to her was the difficulty.

Wilfred could not think. What equivalent existed, he demanded, deliriously, and in a way triumphantly, for any act of kindness she might be moved to display? But in the service which she had rendered his mother—a service which he had watched from beginning to end with half-blinded eyes, with a distracted brain, and hysterical gaspings—what equivalent could be imagined, could even exist?

His mother musingly answered—

"Service for service!"

To this he agreed, and was about to propose an offer of marriage—to endow her with all the wealth that could be brought together from all sources in the possession of the family as a marriage settlement, and to devote the whole of his future life, and as much of his father's and mother's as they could actually spare, to secure her earthly happiness.

Before, however, he could deliver himself of this generous and fervid burst of sentiment, Mrs. Rokeby, reserving very closely one of her strongest motives, expressed her sorrow that a young lady with such refinements of person, with such elegance and grace of mien, such remarkable beauty, and all the signs of good birth, should be placed in such a false position as Daisy was under the guardianship of Mark Jarrett.

She was not his daughter. Mr. Rokeby, who did not speak without a perfect knowledge of facts, had inadvertently disclosed this—or the same thing, for he had emphatically declared Mark Jarrett to be childless; and it seemed that he was, with some hidden purpose, forcing this young, innocent, unprotected girl into a sphere in which, submitted to temptation, she would become the prey to some designing villian, who, attracted by her beauty, would by craft and duplicity lure her to destruction.

Wilfred licked his dry lips at this suggestion, and thought a mitrailleuse would be too mean a weapon with which to meet in mortal combat such an immeasurable scoundrel, but he remained silent instinctively.

Mrs. Rokeby proceeding, thought that it would be a moral duty as well as Christian charity to rescue Daisy from her critical danger. The service she designed to offer her, therefore, was in the shape of a life for a life. She purposed entreating her to exchange the guardianship of Mark Jarrett for hers, his home for hers, his guidance, counsel, friendship for hers—no less than the countenance and protection of a mother—and thus be saved from degradation, misery—a moral death.

The true motive at the bottom of this she did not breathe, and Wil was too wildly delighted with the proposition to wish or attempt to penetrate to deeper motives. She intrusted him with the mission to discover Daisy's new abode, to contrive a private interview with her, and to request her to grant her an audience, at which she could make her proposition, and if Daisy assented, all the needful arrangements, without the loss of an hour.

It will be understood, therefore, that when he saw Daisy cantering down the lane formed, it appeared, as if expressly for her by the fussy policemen, he had very excellent *prima facie* reasons for following her, and rather sound ones for returning home direct, to avoid embarrassing questions.

Yet he did not escape them. His mother eagerly sent for him on his return. He had nothing to tell her, and she eyed him a little doubtingly.

Bertie "wanted to know" where his fair apparition had vanished to, and swallowed the assertion that he could not tell with difficulty.

Gabrielle, affecting playfulness of an icy kind, also contrived to encounter him and flood him with questions about the "impostor princess," who was, it seemed, no other than the Hazelbrook girl, about whom so much ridiculous talk had been made; but her skill was rewarded with curt replies, which yielded her no information.

His father, too, waylaid him, and adopted a tone of indifference, which deprived him of any chance of acquiring the intelligence he sought. He assumed that Wil had seen the girl of Mark Jarrett's in the Park, and Wil acknowledged that he had. He fancied, he said, that he saw him ride after her—of course, out of a feeling of curiosity? Wil confessed that it was so. Had he overtaken her? No. He had not, therefore, spoken to her? No. He had, perhaps, ascertained whither she was going, and where she was staying in London? No; he had no such opportunity afforded him, if he had wished.

If he had wished? Mr. Rokeby looked in his face scrutinizingly. It was as set as a mask. Mr. Rokeby delivered himself of a sigh of relief; a bright idea crossed him. Clearing his throat, he said—

"The man who is that unfortunate girl's guardian is an unqualified villain. I knew him at Chilgrove in years long past, and was enabled to thwart a diabolical scheme of his, for which he owes me unrelenting hatred. My life would not be worth a minute's purchase if I were alone and in his power—nor yours. The young girl whom he has evidently reared, and to whom he has given a familiar and, I presume, an endearing title, has been, I am sure, brought up by him with some inscrutable, but desperately wicked, purpose. I should not like to subject you to any danger, Wil; but having warned you that his feelings towards you, as well as myself, are of the most murderous kind, you would be exceedingly cautious how you approached him if I were to employ you upon a service which might bring you almost in contact with him."

Wil looked at him with unqualified surprise.

"With Mark Jarrett, sir?" he ejaculated faintly.

"With Mark Jarrett," responded his father. "You, however, possess a quick intelligence with a fertility of resources, and in a position of difficulty would be able to extricate yourself, I am sure, with celerity and success."

"Let me know, sir, what you wish me to undertake," he responded, with a rather suspicious eagerness, "and I will not fail in accomplishing it for want of effort or perseverance."

"I have a very powerful reason, which I cannot at present give you even an inkling of, for ascertaining all the particulars of the early history of the young girl whom Mark Jarrett has made notorious as his Daisy. I have some cause for believing that the poor, endangered girl came into his possession in a surreptitious manner, and that she is to be used to her destruction by this atrocious man, for some base and malevolent object. If she can be saved, it is a duty of common humanity to do it. I wish, therefore, you would make an effort to discover where this man, Mark Jarrett, is residing; and if you accomplish that task, to seek out an old man in Jarrett's employ. He is, I am sure, in possession of the circumstances under which the girl came into Jarrett's hands, and like all men of his class, open to a bribe. Tickle his palm with gold, perform your task cleverly, and you will, I have no doubt, be able to bring me the particulars I require respecting this strange girl, known as Mark Jarrett's Daisy."

Wil's breath was taken away at this most remarkable request, and it was with the greatest difficulty he kept in judicious restraint his wild enthusiasm at being thus doubly favored—doubly induced to proceed in search of the fair young creature who had completely enslaved him. Yet he succeeded, sounded his father for information concerning Mark Jarrett's probable whereabouts, but could obtain nothing of the slightest use to him, and prepared to set to work on his mission with an earnestness which, if it were of any value, was strong enough to have commanded success.

At first he thought of taking Bertie into his counsel; but then a feeling somewhat of a jealous character rose up in his breast. Bertie, he remembered, had fallen in love with the Spirit of Dovedale. Now, if it were not a matter of such great improbability, he could cheerfully take more oaths than were ever sworn in a long-protracted, hard-fought railway case, in which there were clouds of witnesses, that the Spirit of Dovedale and Mark Jarrett's Daisy were one and the same person. He had frequently felt almost certain that it was so; but he had contested it, because of the improbability. Yet it was not exactly impossible, for he had performed the journey, and was she not an extraordinary girl, who performed wonders on a horse?

At all events, there could be no harm in making sure of his own Daisy without assistance from a friend.

"Friendship is constant, &c.," he thought, "and there is no accounting for the caprices of a young girl's mind. Make her *bona fide* in love with you, and she is safe enough; but give her 'a loop to hang a doubt upon,' and you may then keep a bright look-out for an adverse breeze."

No; the only individual he took into his confidence was his small groom and valet, Tib Tot, who up to the present had employed the whole of his leisure time in eating raw beefsteaks, and swinging on a trapeze, with seven-pound weights attached to his ankles.

And he was induced to enlist his services from a remark which fell from his lips, and led up to a most valuable communication.

While Wil was occupied in studying, by the aid of the last ordinance map of London, that portion of Hyde Park in which he had lost sight of Daisy, and following a track in the direction she had taken, Tib Tot, who had brought him a well-brushed coat to put on, remarked—

"Getting the stables in fine order, sir. Might eat off the wooden halley. Capital improvement they wood blocks. Ain't cold to the feet or slippery, an' they can be kept so clean an' tidy. Wonder what old Mark Jarrett 'ood say to 'em? Make his stummick ake with envy if he saw 'em."

"Ah," murmured Wilfred, studying the map, and speaking in soliloquy. "I wonder where Mark Jarrett could have pitched his tent in London?"

"Never know'd old Mark Jarrett went in for crickotin', sir?" proceeded Tib, occupying himself in some little matters about the room. "Maybe, though, he do in his new crib. 'Tain't far, I believe, from Lord's Grounds, where all the great matches are played."

Wil raised up his head, and stared at his little man for a moment in silent amazement, as if he doubted his ears.

"What are you talking about, Tib?" at length he said, in a quiet voice, but controlled with difficulty.

"Mark Jarrett's new shop, sir?" he replied, as calm as if he was speaking of the opening of a new establishment of a "self-polishing blacking" manufacturer. "Somewhere in St. John's wood, sir. Not far from Lord's Cricket Ground. S'pose he's goin' to send his Daisy in with the bat. A rippin' batter, too, she'd make. She's as light an' as swift afoot as a two-year-old Enchantress o'——"

"How do you know where Mark Jarrett lives? How did you hear of it? Who told you? When were you told? Where is it? What the devil has come to the fool? Why don't you answer me?" cried Wil, speaking with excessive rapidity, as he sprang to his feet and advanced towards his groom.

The little man, however, retreated warily, and answered as quickly—

"Know'd it by seein' Abel Stoke dressed up as a swell military groom. Twigged him on a hundred-an'-fifty-guinea 'ack, followed him to St. John's-wood, where he giv'd me the double. 'Tain't werry far off, though, I could see. Also, I means to see, because there's a young party as I knows, who's maid to Miss Daisy, a livin' in the same 'ouse, an' she's not one as would care to be wexed by the imperdence of Mr. Abe Stoke, which it's likely he'll get my left popped in if he trice any game on the cross with Meg."

The little groom uttered his speech, in reply, as quickly as Wil had put his questions, and Wil, who had listened to less than half of it, at once ordered Tib to accompany him to St. John's-wood, there to commence a search for Mark Jarrett's residence at the spot where Abel Stoke had given Tib the slip.

They were very soon at this place, and commenced their hunt, but under difficulties. The detached houses, and the roads intersecting each other in every direction, were innumerable. Nearly all the houses were inclosed by high walls, and though fanciful names were painted on the buttresses of the gates, there was not a word on any to indicate the name of the occupier.

The policeman was asked, and shook his head. With a sinking of the heart, and a doubt on his mind, Tib described Meggy to him, and the policeman, with an affected smile, shook his head, to Tib's relief. A stray butcher was asked in vain, a greengrocer's man, a newsboy, "the" milkman, and the postman, whose advent was hailed as a godsend; but the milkman had never heard o' the name o' Jarrett, 'cept at Eastbourne, which was his native place; and the postman had "no party of that name on his beat." The baker was tried; he knew not Jarrett; the publican with no better result. They turned east, north, south, west, up one road, down another, rang bells, and knocked at doors, always with the same discouraging result.

Footsore and weary, yet still sanguine, they prosecuted their task until it seemed hopelessly absurd to continue it; and as this fact had just established itself in Tib's mind, he received a playful slap on the back, which sent him twenty feet forward at "the double." When he brought himself up on his toes, and turned to "pop in his left" for the favor he had received, he perceived a young girl, neatly dressed, laughing, and nodding her head at him gleefully.

"What, Tib!—little bit Tib!" she cried, pleasantly. "Dear'ee me, who'd ha' thought of seein' of you?"

"What, Meg! What, old Me—no, I mean my sparklin' Meg! This is a bit of good fortune," he responded, half hysterically.

Then, turning to Wil, who looked on wonderingly, he said, with electrifying effect—

"If you please, sir, this young party is maid to Mark Jarrett's Daisy."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MAZZINI.

(In the following poem the spirit of Dante is supposed to speak in the presence of the dead Mazzini:)

Nearer—still nearer—the dead face uncover!
Yea, let me gaze, again and yet again.
Ah, soft ripe lips—the man hath been a lover;
Ah, woeful eyes—the man hath loved in pain!

There is no line of sin upon his features,
No appetite to blight and to undo;
And yet his cold last smile is like a creature's
Who might have wanton'd, had he been less true.

All here is love—the royal brow doth borrow
Love from the eyes—that steal it from the lips.
The man hath loved, and loved to such means sorrow,
For he was stainless to the finger tips.

Yea, he was royal, and loved in royal fashion,
Wasted with some white thought, his life went past;
Say, on what creature did he spend his passion,
And wherefore was it vested till the last?

O Italy! and this man was thy lover!
The last—the best—the truest thou hast slain!
Cover thy face—thy head with ashes cover:
Well might I deem that he had loved in pain!

I know thy strange insufferable beauty;
Thy passionate eyes that yearn thro' waving hair!
I know thee, Magdalen! slow to learn thy duty,
Quick to forgive thy wrongs, but ever fair.

Thy look has struck like fire thro' generations
Well weary of thy beauty and thy sins;
No man hath kiss'd thee, wanderer among nations,
But he hath been a wanderer like thee.

The curse of beauty hath been laid upon thee;
Thy hair too glorious and thy lips too red!
Many have sought thee, and no man hath won thee,
But on their souls thy soul hath thriven and fed.

Love, verily, thou hast taken but not given:
Thy beauty hath been cold moonlight on a sea.
Yet there thou sittest, crown'd in sight of Heaven,
Smiling thou sittest, somewhat false—but free!

—*St. Paul's Magazine.*

MR. AND MRS. MEYER.

BY NORA PERRY.

"They are playing *Le Desir!* Tum, tum, tum, tum-ti-tum!" waving an imaginary baton with a white glove in the air, to perfect time with the hummed words and the band in the hall. "Tum, tum, tum!" and the owner of the white glove put out his hand to the lady beside him.

"Can you resist those strains?" She let him draw her arm within his own, and went in.

"Tum, tum, tum!" and down the elastic floor they joined the waltzers. And the soft lace floated out its mazy clouds, and the soft hair fluttered its pennon of curls, and the soft hand lay like a little bird in the larger hand.

"Tum, tum, tum! one more turn!" and away to "the flute, violin, bassoon," unwinding those Beethoven links of sound with twinkling feet and airy motion.

"One more turn!" and the countless skirts of tulle and tarletan and lace had settled into stillness, drifting away like mountain mist over the arm of the fauteuil and the chalked dance-space of the floor.

"Pretty creature, isn't she?"

"Leeds thinks so;" and two gentlemen moved off through the rooms.

Another gentleman—a quiet, well-bred, commonplace-looking person—hearing this colloquy, glanced up from his tete-a-tete with a sort of Flora M'Ivor girl, and regarded the "pretty creature" and her companion with some earnestness. The companion, Mr. Leeds, is fanning her with a glittering trifle of pearl and sandal-wood; but it is a July night, there is only a land breeze, and the room feels stifling after the waltz.

"Will you go out on the veranda again?" he proposes; she accepts the proposal, rising and smoothing out the white foam drapery. Just then the commonplace gentleman turns as she passes, and says—

"I wouldn't, Kate; you'll take cold now."

"There's very little air, Mr. Meyer," Mr. Leeds interposes.

"But she is so heated, Mr. Leeds."

"Well, perhaps I had better not," the lady amiably acquiesces; "we will walk in the hall—that will do." And they leave the saloon, nodding pleasantly to Mr. Meyer, and turn into the long entrance-hall, where the band plays and the light comes softer through rose shade. And Mr. Meyer goes back to his talk with the M'Ivor; but all the time he is talking he is thinking, "I wonder if she likes Leeds?" Likes means a good deal in Mr. Meyer's calm phraseology.

"He is a handsome fellow, and a gentleman;" and thinking thus he looked up and saw the "handsome fellow" stopping to fasten his companion's bracelet.

You are thinking Mr. Meyer is a rival—or brother, perhaps? Mr. Meyer is the lovely waltzer's husband. That is Mrs. Robertson Meyer who stands under the pale rose-lights of the hall chandelier while Mr. Leeds fastens her bracelet. And in consequence of just such little amicable scenes as the above Mr. and Mrs. Meyer are called a model couple—a pair of turtle-doves.

Four years ago, in June, Robertson Meyer led Anna Catharine Gates to the altar. It was the briefest wooing that ever sped. Three months before marriage they had never seen each other. The whole thing was ordained by family powers—like the wooing and wedding of their royal transatlantic cousins. And this was the way—

One day Anna Catherine found herself an orphan with not money enough to buy herself another pair of gloves—she who had bought "Alexandre's" by the dozen and by the box all her lifetime. Before she realized the inconvenience fully, however, the junior partner of the firm of Gates, Geer & Co., Robertson Meyer, was sent out from the East India house to see to her—which meant by the cool reasoning of Joshua Geer, to marry her. "No father, no mother, or brother, and the daughter of our unfortunate partner"—John Gates risked his whole fortune in a private speculation, and then died penniless—"we must do something for her; the best thing to do is to marry her. I can't marry her, for I'm already married; but you can, Robertson."

Living amidst the heathen nearly all his life, this advice did not strike young Meyer as odd or irregular. So he packed his portmanteau and started for the United States, to see to Anna Catherine Gates—that is, to marry her. It was only a part of the firm's business. Arrived in New York, he made himself presentable, and then presented himself to Anna Catherine. The household was not yet broken up, though dreadfully uncomfortable, from the new rule of a fortieth cousin's wife who was to purchase the estate. And so he met Anna Catherine in the prettiest little boudoir in the world, and she the prettiest thing in it—a little fair piece of loveliness, clad in deep mourning for her father. He had not expected to see such a fairy, and began to pity her as he would have done a stray kitten. And Anna Catherine? The dark brown, sensible young man, who talked so sympathizingly of her dead father, and gave her Mr. Geer's condolences, wakened all her respect and confidence.

And when on the third interview he modestly placed his hand and fortune at her disposal, she accepted him with a feeling of escape from some dreadful nightmare—the nightmare of loneliness and poverty. So he took her father's place at the head of the New York house, and with a patent of ease—for he was a gentleman born and bred—adapted himself to New York life. Meyer was a gentleman, I have said; I mean that in all its length, and breadth, and depth. He was a gentleman in generosity, in temper, in modesty. Mrs. Meyer was a lady just the same. And so the world they knew said they were a model couple—a pair of turtle-doves.

That night, after the waltz, and after the guests were all gone, and the pretty mistress of the house was picking up her fan and flowers preparatory to going to her room, her husband turned from the memorandum book over which he had been absorbed for the last few moments—turned and called, "Mrs. Meyer!"

Her foot was on the stair.

"Did you want me, Robert?"

The sweet face with its waiting look, the sweet voice with its kindly tone—did he see and recognize it all? He only said:

"Yes, I wanted you a moment, Kate."

"So she came back, gathering her dress up to hold the flowers, and dropped down upon the fauteuil opposite him.

"I only wished to tell you, Kate, that I am going to take the early boat for New York. Ray brought me letters to-night which require my presence there, and I *may* have to take the steamer for Europe."

He watched her closely as he said this—closely but very kindly. She received the news with some surprise; wanted to know if there was any business trouble; was glad there was not; asked if somebody else couldn't go as well; and altogether was gently sorry and interested for *him*.

"I am troubled for the care that will come upon you, Kate—the breaking up here in Newport, and going back to New York again; but Ray will transact all business for you."

"Oh! don't think of that, Robert. I shall do nicely. Yes, Ray will attend to all my wants as well as you. You know when you were in New Orleans last winter how prompt he was. It hardly seemed as though you were away."

He bent over his memorandum-book with a contracted brow, running his finger down the page in great apparent earnestness, while she pulled out the falling flowers from her falling hair, and shook out the soft light tresses till she was enveloped in a yellow mist.

Her husband looked up, and thought of what he had overheard: "Pretty creature, isn't she?" and "Leeds thinks so."

Perhaps that was why he said:

"Are those the flowers Mr. Leeds sent, Kate?"

She roused to animation.

"Yes; aren't they beautiful? and so rare! See, here is a spray of Cape jasmine, and these Spanish lilies and English ferns. But I forgot you don't take an interest in flower varieties."

"Leeds has quite a passion for these things, hasn't he?"

"Oh, yes; and fine taste. He promises to help me re-arrange the conservatory this winter—it will be such a thing for me." A little weary sigh came from behind the memorandum-book. Then Mrs. Meyer started, saying, kindly, "But how stupid I am, Robert! Tell me if you want anything attended to that I can do before you go."

"No, dear. I shall lie here on the lounge, it so late now, and Wilson has packed my things, and given orders for coffee at five. No, there's nothing to be done, and you are tired and had better go up to your room. I'll write from New York. So good-night and good-by."

He put out his hand, and she came and placed her little warm palm in it, and bent her head down to receive his kiss, all her lovely cloud of hair falling round him. Slipping his other arm around her, he held her gently a moment longer, but did not speak. She looked at him more earnestly as he released her, and said:

"You are fretted about leaving affairs at home, Robert. I assure you I can manage very well; but I don't believe you'll have to go—I hope not; but take good care of yourself if you do, and don't fret about us here, and give my love to old Mr. Geer." She had got half way up the stairs, when she ran back. "Robert, I was afraid you'd be cold lying here if you slept." And she spread an afghan lightly over him, and with another good-night, tripped away, unconsciously humming a bar of *Le Desir*.

Among the callers that lounged in Mrs. Meyer's drawing-room the day following the party, Harrison Leeds shone, as usual, the most brilliantly. He discussed art, religion, and politics; talked of the "rare specimens" he would add to the newly-arranged conservatory; and went through all the botanical lists with the facility of a student. Then speaking of music, he accompanied Mrs. Meyer in a little French chanson with admiral taste and skill; and they talked of Patti, Brignolio, and others; and next of poets and poetry; and Mrs. Meyer, who was enchanting in recitations, was prevailed upon to recite portions of Tennyson's "Maud;" and every one thought she was a fit representative of the

"Queen rose of the rosebud-garden of girls."

And, going away, the two gentlemen who commented upon her at ractions and Mr. Leeds's admiration the night before, again renewed the topic.

"How queerly people are married! Meyer, now, is a good gentlemanly fellow, but no more taste— Completely absorbed in his ledger and the East India trade! I don't believe he knows the Mater Dolorosa from the Cenci. And what an accomplished little thing that wife of his is. How she sings, how she reads, and how she talks? Bah! Leeds ought to have had her, don't you see?"

"Tut! you can't arrange the world to your fastidious liking, Drake. Mr. and Mrs. Meyer seem to me the happiest couple alive."

"Yes, negatively happy—the calm of a dead sea. Did you perceive how coolly she took the possibility of his going out to India?"

"Bosh—negatively happy! Let her thank God for negative happiness, as you call it, and the calm of dead seas."

"Well, if that is to be the way, what sense in cultivating the higher needs? I do not say I want Mrs. Meyer to awaken *now* to a conception of her capabilities in loving; but I do say that I deplore the circumstances, or blind destiny, that consigned this woman to such a partial existence."

"Drake, you know what Dunn says—queer, quaint Matt Dunn?"

"What?"

"'Be good, and you'll be happy,' A schoolboyish sounding phrase enough, but with quizzical gravity he'll end his letters to that dandy prig, Holland, with the simple little sentence; and last night, when Deane and Aylesworth were lamenting the state of finances, he quietly took leave of them with that adjuration. Deane looked for a minute as if somebody had said, 'Let us pray!' So I'll end this tossing topic for you in the same manner. Let Mrs. Meyer be good, and she'll be happy."

They both laughed, and turned down the avenue toward the Bellevue.

But this opinion of Mr. Drake's was only one of his "notions," as his friend would have said. The general idea was that Mr. and Mrs. Meyer were the happiest couple alive. If Mrs. Meyer took her husband's project of a trip to India very coolly, she took it very sensibly, too; for in a few days Mr. Meyer's uncle and aunt, nice elderly people were domiciled at the Newport villa to play propriety in the absence of the master; so whenever the "dear five hundred" called, one by one, or two by two, they invariably encountered a very respectable dragon in the shape of a charming old lady, with one of those rose-in-the-snow complexions, and a mien of stately ease, guarding the princess. And when a *recherche* little dinner or breakfast brought Mr. Leeds and Drake and the rest of the agreeable men into the elegant young princess's presence, in place of the prince they were welcomed by a stalwart old gentleman somewhere in the sixties, whom Mrs. Meyer called "Uncle Warde." And the world, seeing all this discretion on the part of such a pretty princess, clapped its hands applaudingly. And so the summer went.

It will be thus seen that Mr. Meyer found it necessary to go out to India; but, contrary to her expectations, Mrs. Meyer failed to receive the letter from New York which he promised to write.

"I am sure he wrote," Ray, the confidential clerk, told her; "for he asked me to hurry Wilson off with a pile of letters before the mail closed, as he wanted Mrs. Meyer to receive hers on Sunday—so it must have miscarried."

"Very likely," Mrs. Meyer thought, and answered. The next time brought better luck. He had arrived safely at Bombay. A brief business letter—that was all; and in answering, Mrs. Meyer, always mindful of annoying others by errors and mistakes, said nothing of the missing letter that she had failed to receive. "Perhaps it will come yet," she told Mr. Ray.

And so, as I said, the summer went; and in the fall of the year the princess and her two dear dragons, and all her brilliant train of admirers, were back in New York. And then the much-talked-of conservatory revolution was begun, and day after day Harrison Leeds would gallop down from his hotel with a "rare specimen," or instructions about a bulb, sometimes bringing Rosemere, the great horticulturist, with him, and sometimes Matt Dunn, who knew all about exotics. And one day, when this last-mentioned individual was there, Drake dropped in, and brought a piece of news which startled them. Somebody had married somebody, and the whole May Fair circle was up in arms, because it was the most unheard-of, absurd, ill-advised thing—a foolish love-match, and not a cent to keep the flame agoing. And Drake went on in his romantic way, calling it "splendid," and "an example every man and woman ought to follow."

"Why don't you follow then?" Dunn asked him.

"Me?" twisting a maize-colored glove round the whitest finger sending out a diamond sparkle. "I'm not a marrying man."

"You are a theorist, Drake; that's what you are."

Drake grew vehement; declared himself willing to act upon his theories if the occasion required.

"Only give you a chance, eh?" Dunn resumed—"the chance of an *affaire de cœur*. I'd like to see you do it, Drake; I wish you could have the chance. Imagine him! Imagine Egerton Drake living on a bachelor's income with his Clorinda, my friend;" and Matt Dunn picked up the maize-colored glove, and gently stroked its mellow softness.

Drake was getting annoyed, and Mr. Leeds, who had been an interested listener, now said:

"I don't see why it is so difficult a thing for a man to decide between a few personal luxuries, more or less, and his affections. Surely we are not so effeminate as all that, Mr. Dunn?"

Mr. Dunn gayly applauded. "Good! good! Mr. Leeds joins your ranks, Drake. Give him a chance, too, and he'd run away from all the world for love of his Clorinda."

"I would—I would, indeed—and count the world well lost."

What was it that threw that sudden spell of silence over the group? Was it the sudden passion that rang through the young man's tones, or the vivid flush that rose to his cheek, or the swift glance that fell upon the fair hostess, or all three together? A door had opened, as it were, into some unguessed tragedy. And over its threshold they saw

"A speck of fire that lit the place."

Mrs. Meyer alone seemed undisturbed from her repose. She sat there with the little hands locked loosely together in her lap, her eyes down, and a certain hush about her that was like a guard from evil.

Mr. Dunn, recovering himself first, tossed the maize-colored glove back to its owner with a quaint jest that broke the momentary pause, and sent the conversation on again. And they stayed long enough to change the tone into another channel. But as they were saying their adieus, Mr. Dunn, coming last, lingered a moment over the pretty, fair hand; and then, in his curious, grave, sweet manner, gave his favorite charge, mixed with a little merry speech that clothed it gracefully, "Be good, and you'll be happy."

For a moment soft, wistful eyes looked into his with a shy expression of doubt that was half pain; but something she met there brought only the sweetness to the surface, and her gentle voice replied, "I will try, Mr. Dunn." And Mr. Dunn—queer, quaint Matt Dunn, who was always half-laughing, half-serious—dropped all his banter, and remarked, as if thinking aloud, when they walked down the street:

"That woman is a little saint."

Leeds's eyes flashed and his lip trembled while Dunn went on—"And the man that could hurt her with a word or thought deserves a halter."

After this ripple upon the smooth social stream the winter passed with no further evidence of emotion.

In the meantime letters from India were seldom and brief, and spring came with no mention of a return. It was almost a year since Mr. Meyer went away. In the meantime, too, Mr. Leeds had not only re-arranged the conservatory, and established an aquarium for his friend Mrs. Meyer, but he had established for himself a reputation at once enviable and honorable in the scientific world of letters. Added to his horticultural knowledge, there was a deeper passion underneath. While he was making himself agreeable and useful over English ferns and Cape Jasmines, he was also in the interim making for himself an immortal name by certain geological researches, and an eloquent treatise thereon. Then came the crowning triumph, when he delivered his eloquent lecture upon the subject before the Scientific Association.

Such a success! So modest, too, and so wise, and the most perfect gentleman—kind, courteous, and cultivated! This was the way society went on, and Mr. Leeds was made a lion forthwith. Straight from his crowning triumph that evening he came to that usual ending of all glories—a feast. This was a choice collection of choice spirits, however, over the daintiest viands. And Mrs. Meyer was there. A year had only made her more beautiful—a clearer moonlight beauty. Looking at her you would never think of gold ornaments and diamonds in her adornings, and you never saw them; but pearls and opals, and the pure lustre of chrysoprase and aqua marinas.

So on this night she wore white laces with her sea-colored silks, and dewy pearls here and there, like flecks of foam.

"A new Undine," Mr. Dunn observed, as she stood complimenting the hero of the evening gracefully and earnestly. The hero was eager and watchful and restless when he came in, as if he expected somebody or something; but after Mrs. Meyer put out her little hand to him, and said her two or three words of congratulation and approval, he seemed to grow quiet and indifferent of praise, as if her cool presence had proved a sedative. And from science and philosophy with his host, he glided off to music and waltzes with the young daughters.

"Was there ever such a complete man?" they said to Mrs. Meyer; and Mrs. Meyer thought it doubtful if there ever was; and when that very evening he told her of his young sister, with such tender affection, and begged Mrs. Meyer to call upon her during her stay in the city, he spoke of her so warmly and eagerly that Mrs. Meyer, out of her admiration for his brotherly devotion, remarked:

"It must be a pleasant thing to be your sister, Mr. Leeds;" and then she sighed and spoke of her own lonely orphanage, while the face of her listener reflected more than her own pain and sadness.

"Yes, a pleasant thing to be his sister," she mused, long after, in the silence of her room. This discovery of his brotherly devotion was more eloquent to her than all his new glory. Afterward, in her contemplation of the tender relation which existed between this brother and sister, her sense of lonely orphanage grew, while the East India letters were rarer and briefer than ever.

One night, a fearful night of wind and shower, she walked her splendid drawing-room, full of this dreary sense of desolation. Up stairs Uncle Warde and his wife were absorbed in the reminiscences of other days, and from the servants' hall came the sound of their mingled voices in story and laughter. But all alone, in her lonely rooms below, the lonely mistress of the house held sad communion with only herself.

In the tumult of the wind and rain she did not hear the opening and shutting of the hall door, nor see the figure that entered the room, until—

"Mrs. Meyer!" in a gentle, earnest voice. She had lifted her head with a scared face, and there were tears upon it, and pale pain, and lonesome sorrow. Mr. Leeds saw it all, and seating himself near her, strove, by some kindly talk, to restore her serenity. In a few moments she was apologizing for her state. "The lonely night, the lonely house"—but he understood everything; and by-and-by falling into a little conversation, she mentioned Mr. Meyer. "He stays another year, then," Mr. Leeds observed.

"Another year?"

"Mr. Ray was saying so."

A faint color stole into her pale cheek. Another year, and his wife uninformed! Then a look came into her eyes that no one ever saw there before—a bitter, brooding look of desolate pride. To him who sat there before her it was more touching than her tears a moment before. He essayed again to comfort, but his heart was in a wild tumult, and wild thoughts were in his mind. And at this crisis, turning, she said, as if thinking aloud:

"I wish you were my brother, Harrison."

The dreary tone, the dreary face, and the utterance of his baptismal name, was like a breath of flame to him.

Rising, he came beside her, and in a moment was pouring out the repressed emotions of the last year—was forgetting everything but this one passion—and with wild eagerness was urging her to forget everything as well. He had taken her hand in his vehemence, mistaking her stillness for acquiescence, and with tremulous, tearful tenderness worthy a better cause, was saying that his whole life should be devoted to her, when an awful hush seemed to gather about the room, the hand he had held withdrew itself, the slight figure, as it were, wafted away from him, and a voice sadder than sorrow made answer:

"Oh, what have I done that you should humiliate me with words like these? God forgive you, Harrison Leeds! My cup is now full!"

What passionate prayers for her forgiveness, what immediate agony of contrition that followed, it is needless to detail; and even then, though stung to the soul, she stayed to drop a word of pardon from her gentle heart ere she left him.

Doubly alone now, with that corroding memory of his avowal of passion to bear her company, she kept a solemn vigil through the night. A certain feeling of shuddering recoil from herself overcame her—a feeling as if she were some way touched with some visible wrong. Every innocent attention and gallant word rose up, exaggerated into sins by her morbid imagination. Days were spent in this fearful self-examination, till nature at last gave way, and a long and dangerous illness ensued.

Acting upon the advice of the physician, Mr. Ray, now for some time the junior partner of the firm, wrote at once to Mr. Meyer.

It was early in the summer when this illness first began; it was late in September when she roused to outward life again. During the long days of dream and pain, she was sometimes conscious of a tenderer touch than others upon her fevered brow and burning hands, and the fancy would seize her that her father was with her; then visions of her mother, lost in childhood, would come, at a gentle soothing tone.

One day the dull, aching dream dissolved. Who was it that sat by her bedside, his dark hair streaked with gray? Who was it? He lifted his head. A face burned and browned by Indian suns, and with a weight as of years upon the brow and hollowed cheeks; but she knew it. As he met her glance of recognition, an expression of almost painful anxiety passed into the dark face; but she was in that quiescent state of child-like repose which follows severe prostration, and in a faint, low voice, she only said:

"You were so long away, Robert!"

For a moment a soft light came into his eyes, and he just touched her little thin hand gently for reply.

As she gradually returned to life he gradually retired from her presence, though always ready, if needed—always ministering to her in some invisible manner.

One morning, when she was so far convalescent as to be able to walk about her room, to amuse herself, or to while the hours away, she took up the embroidery her maid had left upon a chair. But a color was wanting, and remembering a certain work-box containing such materials, she pulled it out from its corner and lifted the lid. A crowd of recollections beset her. As it often happens, this box had not been opened for more than a year. She well remembered where she had used it last—on a summer's day at Newport, and Mr. Leeds sat near, reading to her from Shelley. For an instant her hand paused, and an expression of pain clouded her face; then with a look of disdain for her weakness she went diligently searching for the needed color.

But what was this? One of her husband's letters? And how came it here? Thinking thus, she took it up. What! the seal unbroken! Suddenly a forgotten circumstance rushes to her mind. It is the missing letter of a year ago; and she breaks the seal. A little surprise is in her mind as her eye runs over the page, for it is longer than those she usually receives from him. Mr. Meyer's letters are ordinarily brief, and of the most matter-of-fact description. But this one proved of a different order, and no poem of Shelley's, no remembrance of past days, ever called such an expression to her face as it wore now while she read the following:

"My Dear Wife:—I have decided that a trip to India is advisable, and on Wednesday shall sail in the Persia for Liverpool—from thence onward. In parting, there was something I wanted to say to you, but the opportunity did not seem favorable, and I deferred it to writing, which is the better way, perhaps. It is only that if I delay my return you will understand that I do it for your well-being. For a long time I have seen that my presence cannot make you happy, Kate—it never has. You, of course, are in no manner answerable for this; it is only a natural result. Circumstances of business and education have made me in some measure what I am; and I find too late that I am not a fit companion for you. I cannot entirely repair this evil now, but I can remedy it partially by leaving you your freedom as far as possible.

"This is no hasty resolve. I have long considered it; though recently, perhaps, I have awakened more fully to its necessity.

"Again, do not think I reproach you in any manner for this state of things. I do not believe that, even to itself, your gentle heart ever acknowledged its want; but it is there, Kate, and I cannot satisfy it. And one more word. You are young, and too delicately pure ever to suspect the suspicion of evil. For your own sake, then, let me say that the world is always ready to mistake the purest; therefore let me caution you to be guarded in your friendly associations. If at any time you need me, send for me, and I will return. In the meantime, God's peace be with

"Robertson Meyer."

She covered her face with her hands. It was too true—too true! She had been indifferent to him! And looking into her own heart, she knew the want he thought so unacknowledged stood oftener confessed to her own soul. She knew, too, how it had grown and grown, and how sudden comparisons had sometimes sprung up. Now the comparisons were reversed. Who was it she had thought a more finished gentleman, a completer man than her husband? Who but the man whose passion had led him to violate all rules of chivalry and honor in his mad professions and madder hopes? And the other—the one whose right by every law of the land and Church was by her side—had for love of her condemned himself to a life of sacrifice and exile. It needed but this to complete the revolution which had been going on in her mind since she had first become conscious of that gentle presence in her sick room—a presence that had drawn her through all the mists of fever into its loving atmosphere. With her appreciation of greatness, how eloquently did this renunciation, given with the humility and simplicity of a rarely generous nature, speak to her heart! Filled with these emotions, just as she was, in her dressing-gown and slippers, she stole out of the room and down the stairs to the library, where a few minutes since she had heard footsteps.

To her light knock his voice—her husband's voice—answered, "Come in;" but what was his surprise, nay, almost consternation, as he saw his visitor. He sprang to her assistance, for the lovely face was white with agitation and unusual exertion; but his letter was in her hand, and in a few broken sentences she told him its story.

His eyes lighted with a look of relief. Her long silence then was explained. This was almost joy; but greater joy was yet to come. She had put out her hand.

"You will not leave me again, Robert?"

He hesitated, not comprehending yet her meaning fully, laying it all to gentle pity.

"Not if you need me," he answered, at length.

"Dear Robert!" she cried, "I shall need you all my life. I—I—" But the rose upon her cheek, the soft shy gladness in her appealing eyes, were more eloquent than words. He knew she loved him! O, blessed knowledge, that was worth long years of loneliness and sorrow, he knew she loved him! Ay, fold her to your heart, O noble and generous soul! She is yours thenceforward through time and eternity!

* * * * * *

The band are playing that very waltz—*Le Desir*—and the rose-lights stream the same pink radiance through the hall, and the great rooms within are all abloom like a flower-garden with the brightest blossoms of womanhood.

Under a window-awning two or three talkers stand looking in upon the brilliant scene.

"Who's that with Mrs. Meyer?" one asks.

Drake, who knows everybody, answers—

"That? O, that's Professor E. Thought you knew *him*?"

"What, Leeds's great gun?"

"Anybody's great gun. Professor E. is one of the *somebodies*."

"What's become of Leeds? He ought to be here to-night."

"O, Leeds is off to Paris on some scientific mission. Don't you read the papers?"

"Not very carefully, I must confess. But you know I've been away out of the reach of papers. So Leeds is as popular as ever. How he did admire Mrs. Meyer! Seems to me he ought to have had her instead of Meyer. Meyer's a good fellow, but you never hear anything from him. A commonplace sort of a person, while Mrs. Meyer is really uncommon. The finest conversationist I know."

"Yes, of course Leeds ought to have had her. I always said so. Leeds is just the man for her—congenial tastes, and all that sort of thing." Drake returned, triumphantly.

"There you go, Drake, with your congenial tastes, etc., and you are half wrong, as usual. Sometimes, when both parties are similarly endowed, there is too much of 'all that sort of thing;' and if they don't bore each other they are sure to quarrel. That's the way. What a woman like Mrs. Meyer needs is appreciation, and she's got it. You don't know anything about Meyer. Meyer is a man! and that's what not half of us can say." And Matt Dunn, after relieving his mind in this energetic manner, went in and joined the dancers, while Drake went on with his theories unconvinced. So the world goes.

But still the band plays *Le Desir*, and a sweet voice says to a gentleman—

"Why don't you dance, Robert?"

"Because I am waiting for Mrs. Meyer, Kate. Will she favor me?" and he put out his hand. And down the elastic floor they joined the waltzers, and the soft lace floated out its mazy clouds, and the soft hair fluttered its pennon of curls, and the soft hand lay like a little bird in the larger hand. Almost the picture of two years ago; but the meaning changes with one of the waltzers—not one of the world's changes, but the heart's.

And still the band plays *Le Desir*.—*True Flag.*

☞ The teeth in the insane are prone to undergo certain changes. Dr. Langdon Down, who read a paper on this subject recently before the Odontological Society, states therein that from the examination of nearly one thousand cases he has found that he could in the majority of instances state the period at which the imbecility or insanity began.

☞ The mourning color of the Turks is blue.

☞ A doctor of medicine at Bath, England, has just had a legacy of £20,000 and a comfortable house left him by a lady who was only known to him by his once offering her a seat in his carriage. Be polite.

☞ Burglars are so frequent in Dixon, Ill., that the Telegraph classes them among the "local industries."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE ALABAMA CLAIMS.

LETTER OF MR. CYRUS W. FIELD TO HON. JOHN A. PETERS—HIS VIEW OF THE CLAIMS FOR INDIRECT DAMAGES.

NEW YORK, April 23.—*To the Editor of the Herald:* DEAR SIR—Referring to the leading editorial in this morning's Herald, in regard to the Alabama claims, and in which my name is mentioned, I beg leave to enclose you a copy of a letter I have this afternoon mailed to Judge Peters, at Washington, and remain, very respectfully, your obedient servant, CYRUS W. FIELD.

"NEW YORK, April 23, 1872.—*My Dear Judge Peters:* I have carefully read the preamble and resolution which you gave me last week, and which you introduced into the House of Representatives on the 9th inst., in regard to the Alabama claims and indirect damages.

"Since my return from Europe, four weeks ago, I have spent a great portion of my time in endeavoring to ascertain how the unfortunate misunderstanding between the governments of the United States and Great Britain respecting these indirect claims has arisen, and what was the true feeling of our people in regard to the same. I have visited New Haven, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and I have hardly found a person who does not regret that these claims have been put into our case, and who is not desirous that they should be at once withdrawn.

"Among those whom I have seen, are Mr. Benjamin R. Curtis, late Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, and who was selected by the Government as counsel to argue their case before the Geneva Tribunal; Hon. William Beach Lawrence, of New York, the able writer on international law; Rev. Dr. Woolsey, ex-President of Yale College, who has devoted so much time to the study of the law of nations; George Tickenor Curtis, the well-known lawyer, and Hon. Reverdy Johnson, late United States Minister to Great Britain. All utterly regret the idea of consequential damages,

"I wish that every member of the Senate and House of Representatives would read carefully the documents relating to these claims, transmitted to Congress with the President's last annual message, and the United States and English cases as presented at Geneva, and the able comments on the same by President Woolsey, Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Curtis and Mr. Johnson, which have been published, and then, I believe, they would come to the conclusion that the indirect claims should be abandoned.

"One item included in these claims is the expenses of the war from the battle of Gettysburg, which would amount to over one thousand millions of dollars. Can any one believe that the English Commissioners ever intended that such a demand should be considered by the arbitrators, particularly as one clause of the treaty stipulates that the amount of the award, if any, should be paid in gold at the city of Washington within one year? Would they have consented to pledge their government to the possible payment of an amount that could not be liquidated within the time? Why, if such enormous claims were to be preferred, did not the American Commissioners insist upon their being inserted in the treaty, and thereby prevent the possibility of any misunderstanding?

"I wish that the persons who prepared the American case had exhibited a little more of the spirit which animated the President of the United States when he said, 'Let us have peace,' and of that of Sir Stafford Northcote, when at a public dinner, in reply to the sentiment, 'The Peaceful Settlement of International Disputes,' he said, 'I am quite certain that there is not a man in the United States or in the United Kingdom who does not cordially and from the bottom of his heart endorse that sentiment:' and again, 'National honor does not consist in not acknowledging wrong, in always insisting that what has been done has been done rightly; national honor does not consist in never admitting a mistake, because of the fear that it will be said that it is done from an unwillingness to face the consequences. True national honor, like true personal honor, I believe consists in this: in being ready to do justice in all things; to maintain your own rights and to recognize the rights of your opponents; and just to go so far beyond mere justice as this, that when the point is doubtful you would rather give it against yourself than for yourself. And that great friend of America, John Bright, showed the same spirit which, in replying to a toast, The Peace and Prosperity of Great Britain and the United States, he said, which means that we desire an unbroken friendship with the people of that country. With one heart and voice we accept that sentiment, and without any fear of contradiction, we assert that we are on that point truly representative of the unanimous feeling of the three kingdoms. Men here forget that, after all, we are but one nation having two governments. We are of the same noble and heroic race. Half the English family is on this side the Atlantic, in its ancient home, and the other half over the ocean (there being no room for them here), settled on the American Continent. No man will dare to say that the people of the United States or the people of the United Kingdom are not in favor of peace. And I assert this, that he is an enemy of our English race, and, indeed, an enemy of the human race, who creates any difficulty that shall interfere with the permanent peace and friendship of all the members of our great English-speaking family.' With great respect I remain, my dear Judge Peters, very truly your friend,

"CYRUS W. FIELD.

"Hon. John A. Peters, House of Representatives, Washington."

THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

The New York Times contains the following readable article:

Few anniversaries in modern times have been anticipated with as much interest as the Centennial in 1876. Although more than four years off, definite preparations for it have already been commenced. The place where it is to be held has been designated; and deliberations, not only as to the general arrangement, but many of the details, have for several months been actively going on.

Fairmount Park, in which this great festival is principally to be held, is a place singularly well adapted to such an occasion. It is certainly large enough, for it contains an area rather greater than is covered by all the part of Manhattan Island below Houston street. But its size is not its only recommendation. It would be difficult to find another public inclosure of so much natural beauty near any large city in the world. We often see in individuals a disposition to be vain of things for which they are by no means remarkable, while they are exceedingly modest about those in which they really excel. What is true in this respect of individuals is equally so in regard to communities. A New Yorker, for instance, will spend days in showing a stranger the "lions" of the city, and among them, perhaps, many things for which New York is by no means particularly remarkable, but never think of taking him anywhere to get a good view of the harbor and shipping. What the harbor and shipping are to New York

THE EXQUISITE BEAUTY

of the neighboring country is to Philadelphia; and of this, some of the finest portions are in Fairmount Park. Until within the last five or six years, the majority of Philadelphians were entirely unconscious that they had any country worth looking at around their city; but as they have bought the land of the Park, and are proceeding with commendable diligence to pay for it, the natural inquiry whether they have got their money's worth has elicited an answer which has awakened them to a sense of the value and beauty of their purchase.

We cannot say precisely what will be done at the Centennial, for the simple reason that we do not know. The Declaration of Independence will doubtless be read, and patriotic speeches—some of them good and some of them probably very poor—will be made

ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL FEATURES,

and that which is likely to attract a larger number of persons than any other, will be a great industrial exhibition, designed to show the progress of society since 1776. It is proposed to erect fifty acres of temporary buildings in the Park, the greater part of which will undoubtedly be devoted to this exhibition. It is an interesting thought that a very large portion of what is thus exhibited will be things of which even the most intelligent and enterprising of our people, at the time of the Declaration of Independence, had not the faintest conception. We hope that those having charge of the exhibition will make it a point to have specimens of the machinery and other articles used by our forefathers placed in proximity to what is now employed. A few thousand, or even a few hundred dollars spent in this way would add an exceedingly interesting feature to the celebration, and would afford a species of historical instruction of incalculable value, and one which, in some of its most important features, no books, however well written, could possibly impart.

The Centennial will be, not only in its particular object, but in its general idea, a peculiarly American festival.

THE GREAT POWERS

of Europe have their anniversaries, but no one of them celebrates a particular day as the time when its national existence commenced. In no one could such a time be distinctly defined. In Russia, in France, in Austria and in Prussia, it would be scarcely possible to name the century—much less the year or the day—from which to date the origin of what constitutes their identity and separate existence. In Great Britain it would be equally difficult, for England was quite as truly England before as after the time of William the Conqueror. But the single day on which the Declaration of Independence was signed indicates to the American people with perfect distinctness, the point of time before which the United States were merely Colonies, and after which they were an independent nation.

We have suggested that measures should be taken at the Centennial to show in as striking a manner as possible the contrast between the state of the useful arts in the days of our forefathers and at the present day. Lest our vanity should be too greatly raised by this comparison, we would suggest another contrast, which we fear would be equally expressive, but far less gratifying.

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

In some conspicuous place let there be portrayed by sign-painters of eminent skill, the names of the members of the Continental Congress in 1776, and close beside them the names of the Congressmen of 1876. We do not venture to predict what such a juxtaposition will show then; but—making all possible allowance for injustice to individuals occasioned by political prejudice, and giving full force and prominence to the integrity and high character of some of our national Senators and Representatives—the comparison, as things are now, would be far from a pleasant one. When the signers of the Declaration of Independence pledged their "sacred honor" to the cause, it was felt that these words had a most significant meaning. Without wishing to be sarcastic, we would inquire, as a simple, sober matter of fact, what would be the effect on the public mind of a similar pledge, in regard to *any* object, by many of the members of our National Legislature at the present day? We ask the question. We do not wish to answer it. Unless we are greatly mistaken in our view of the subject, it is not an inquiry to which the reply is at all suggestive of pleasureable emotions to a citizen of the United States who loves to contemplate the improvement and progress of his country.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE CARLISTS IN SPAIN.

The operations of the Carlists have been heretofore represented by despatches from Madrid to be of little importance and evidence only of that sort of restlessness which seems to be incident to the Spanish nature. But it is evident from the late accounts that the movement is much more formidable than it has hitherto been admitted to be, and Amadeus feels himself called upon, not only to meet the malcontents with formal declaration that he will not surrender but also by such military preparations as are necessary to put down the insurrection. It is surprising how long this Carlist feeling has continued in Spain. It is now nearly fifty years old, and although unsuccessful, has been a cause of infinite trouble, expense, and bloodshed to the Spanish Government. The first pretender, so-called, Carlos Maria Isidor, was the son of Charles IV., who was compelled to abdicate in 1808, in favor of the Prince Asturias, who ascended the throne as Ferdinand VII. The latter was dethroned by Bonaparte, and his brother Joseph made King, who fled after the successes of Wellington at Vittoria and Toulouse, and Ferdinand VII. was reinstated. Insurrections in favor of Don Carlos, who really represented the elder line, broke out in 1824-25, and '26, and, according to the Salic law, which existed in Spain at that time, Don Carlos would have succeeded Ferdinand at his death, but the King revoked the Salic law, thus making his daughter Isabella his successor. On the death of the King, in 1832, Don Carlos commenced an insurrection, which lasted until 1839-40. He then retired from further attempts to contest his right after that time, and died in 1855, leaving his eldest son, Carlos Luis Maria Ferdinand, in whose favor the present insurrection is urged. He is now 34 years old, and is a Bourbon not only by birth but by marriage, having espoused, in 1850, the Princess Maria Carolina Ferdinanda de Bourbon, a sister of Ferdinand II., called Bomba, of Naples. Don Carlos represents the Bourbon hope of re-establishment. He is likely to give trouble to the dynasty of Savoy in Spain. It is believed in Paris that the struggle about to take place in Spain between the Government and the Carlists will be a severe one. The number of insurgents now in the field is estimated at ten thousand. Many members of Carlist juntas have been arrested in different parts of the country. Carlist bands are increasing throughout the kingdom. The men cry "Viva Charles VII.; death to the Liberals." The larger number of peasants in the provinces of Navarre, Guipuzcoa, Teruel, Leon, and Huesca have joined the pretenders.

The wife of Don Carlos accompanies her husband in his campaign, and has resolved to share whatever dangers he may meet in his movements.

PARIS, April 25.—The Spanish mails have not come to hand to-day.

The Univers and Liberte announce that Don Carlos has crossed the frontier, and is now in Spain at the head of 10,000 men. The same journals say a perfect understanding exists between the Carlists and Republicans. The former are to draw the troops into the country, and leave the towns defenceless against the Republicans, who are to rise against the Government on May 1st, in all parts of Spain. Only two of the Isabellist Generals have, as yet, joined the insurrection. The French legitimists hold aloof from this last daring enterprise of Don Carlos.

GERMANY.

BERLIN, April 20.—The North German Gazette to-day again denies the truth of the London Daily Telegraph's alarming statement in regard to the relations of France and Germany, but takes occasion to remark that the last speech of Thiers previous to the adjournment of the National Assembly has produced an unpleasant feeling throughout Germany, and that the character of the French war budget dictates caution on the part of Germany. It is evident, says the Gazette, that the Government cannot permit France to hastily relinquish the pledge she has made to Germany, and, consequently, the occupation of French territory by the German troops will be longer than would be necessary if the relations between the two nations were more favorable.

BERLIN, April 20.—The difficulties between the master and journeymen carpenters, in this city, have not been settled, and this morning the masters discharged their employés and closed their shops.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Attorney General has consented to the release of the Tichborne claimant on bail, but the necessary forms of law to secure the liberation of the prisoner have not yet been complied with.

It is now believed that the steamship Ispahan, which left Bombay in January for this city, and which has not been heard from since leaving Malta, on the 13th of February, foundered off Brest, France, during a terrific gale. Fifty persons who were on the Ispahan are supposed to have gone down with the steamer.

In Parliament, April 22, Earl Granville and Mr. Gladstone both stated that it would be incompatible with the public interests to declare the intentions of the Government with regard to further proceedings before the Geneva Board until an answer to Earl Granville's despatch of March 2d had been received from the United States.

LONDON, April 25.—A thunder storm of unusual violence passed over the midland counties this morning, doing great damage. Houses were unroofed, churches injured, and some lives are reported lost.

The Atlanta Boat Club crew, of New York, arrived at Liverpool yesterday. They will come to Putney to-day, and will immediately commence practice for the approaching race with the London crew over the Thames course. A number of the members of the London Club met the Atlanta crew at Liverpool.

ITEMS.

The eruption of Mount Vesuvius, which has been increasing in violence since the first signs of commotion, has now reached an unwonted pitch of grandeur. A new crater has formed and streams of lava are pouring down the mountain side in different directions. Naples is already crowded with vessels, and tourists are arriving from all parts of Europe to witness the spectacle.

A special despatch from Rome to the Daily News says: It is the opinion of the Italian Government that the Board of Arbitrators at Geneva ought not to take into account when deliberating upon the Alabama claims those submitted by the American Government for indirect damages.

Paris papers announce the death of M. Jacques Felix, father of the celebrated Rachel, in the 76th year of his age.

Over thirty persons who were connected with the murderous demonstrations on the hostages of La Roquett prison, during the reign of the Commune, have just been sentenced to various terms of imprisonment.

Thiers will shortly hold a review of the military forces in and around Paris.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS AND THE CINCINNATI CONVENTION.

Mr. Adams sailed on his return to Europe April 23, with his wife, in order to be ready at the meeting of the Geneva Arbitration. Before he left, a gentleman interested in the Cincinnati Convention, and desiring that he should become its candidate, wrote to him, inquiring as to his views of the movement which he represented, and suggesting that there should be some one in attendance who could speak for him, to which there came the following reply, with no restrictions as to its publicity:—

BOSTON, April 18, 1872.

DEAR MR. WELLS:—I have received your letter and will answer it frankly. I do not want the nomination, and could only be induced to consider it by the circumstances under which it might possibly be made. If the call upon me were an unequivocal one, based upon confidence in my character earned in public life, and a belief that I would carry out in practice the principles which I professed, then indeed would come the test of my courage in emergency, but if I am to be negotiated for and have assurances given that I am honest, you will be so kind as to draw me out of that crowd. With regard to what I understand to be the declaration of principles which has been made, it would be ridiculous in me to stand haggling over them, with a single exception of ambiguity. I see nothing which any honest Republican or Democrat would not accept. Indeed, I should wonder at any one who denied them. The difficulty is not in profession. It lies everywhere, only in the manner in which they are carried into practice.

If I have succeeded in making myself understood, you will perceive that I can give no authority to any one to act or to speak for me in the premises. I never had a moment's belief that when it came to the point any one so entirely isolated as I am from all political associations of any kind could be made acceptable as a candidate for public office; but I am so unlucky as to value that independence more highly than the elevation which is brought by a sacrifice of it. This is not inconsistent with a sense of grateful recognition of the very flattering estimates made of my services, in many and high quarters, but I cannot consent to peddle with them for place. If the good people who meet at Cincinnati really believe that they need such an anomalous being as I am (which I do not), they must express it in a manner to convince me of it, or all their labors will be thrown away.

I am, with great respect, yours, etc.,

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

DAVID A. WELLS, Esq., Norwich, Conn.

ITEMS.

In the Circuit Court at Annapolis, on Tuesday, April 23 the trial of Mrs. Wharton on the charge of attempting to poison Mr. Van Ness, was continued until the October term. For several weeks it is stated, Mrs. Wharton has been very ill, she having had severe hemorrhages.

At Salt Lake City, April 25, a motion for the release of Brigham Young was granted by the Judge of the Probate Court, and Young and the other Mormon prisoners were released from custody.

The Supreme Court of Tennessee has decided that an act of the Legislature of that state repealing the law declaring a juror incompetent who has formed an opinion, is unconstitutional. A new trial has therefore been granted to Early Eason, sentenced to be hanged for murder, one of the jurors in his case having "formed an opinion from newspaper reports."

In Mississippi, hundreds of horses and mules are dying from the attacks of the "buffalo gnats," and the farmers in some places are unable to cultivate their crops for want of teams.

Washington despatches say that Representative Peters is in receipt of numerous letters from prominent persons throughout the country approving his resolution against the indirect claims. Elihu Burritt has written him a letter of thanks.

According to the prospectus of the new "American Atlantic Telegraph Company," just issued in England, the rate for messages will be about one-third of the tariff of the present monopoly.

Six attaches of the Japanese embassy left for Europe on Saturday, April 20.

DOLLY VARDENS.

Madame Demorest says: Very French-y young ladies insist on pronouncing Dolly Varden, Dolly Var-*dong*, which is enough to make old Varden, Dolly's paternal parent, rise from his grave, for he was English to the backbone, and hated new-faugled French ways as much as he hated popery. So, young ladies, make it plain English Dolly Varden, if you please.

Some of the very prettiest Dolly Vardens are made with the light buff-tinted ground, sprinkled with bouquets of flowers, in rich, warm colors, or with large leaves or ferns, shaded in a single color. They are looped up with bows of velvet or gros grain, the color of the design, or with loops forming a cascade of bows.

A charming Dolly Varden worn recently over a white tarletan skirt, trimmed with narrow flounces, was of tarletan embroidered with straw dots, and field flowers in colored silk. Straw-colored fringe and cascade loops of black velvet formed the trimming.

☞ A tourist from Salt Lake has been arrested in Hungary for travelling with three wives.

☞ No man can put his neighbor's hat on the owner's head properly. Did you ever notice it? The owner of the tile always replaces it to suit himself.

☞ The Chinese *carte de visite* is a curiosity. It consists of a huge sheet of bright scarlet paper, with the owner's name inscribed in large letters—the bigger the more exquisite. For extra grand occasions this card is folded ten times, the name is written in the right-hand lower corner with a humiliating prefix like "your very stupid brother," "your unworthy friend who bows his head, and pays his respects," etc., etc., the words "your stupid" taking the place of our "yours respectfully." It is etiquette to return those cards to the visitors, it being presumable that their expense is too great for general distribution.

☞ As a great inducement to subscribe, the Cartersville, (Ga.) Express says: "It is worth that for wrapping paper or cutting patterns, if for nothing else."

☞ If you meet your Semantha Jane in the street in the evening at about this time of the year, and she appears awkward and constrained, do not ask any questions but move on. You would look awkward if you were going to move and had half the small furniture of the house about you.

☞ The highest office in the gift of the nation is said to be that of surveyor on Mount Washington.

☞ We sorrow to record the death of Dr. Livingstone. An intelligent contraband just from Ujiji brings the sad intelligence. The doctor was slain and eaten to appease the jealousy of a native chief. He was drummed to death by Cincinnati whisky drummers, and his last words were: "Conceal my fate from Stanley." Thus we sorrow, yet not as those without hope, for we feel, nay know, like the amiable Mrs. Wilfer, that he will not stay dead long. By next month he will spring up in perennial verdure and arrive at Ujiji, and be deserted by his men at Unyanyembe and be forced to take a native wife at Jersey City, and escape from Ngami-Ngami and be advancing on Gowanus, and so on as heretofore. Long live the indestructible Livingstone, the paragrapher's friend.

☞ A San Francisco paper is put out of benevolence by a little fun at its expense, and says: "We regard the atrocious correspondent as an infernal fiend, a false-tongued midnight monster, a red-handed assassin, a thief, a he school marm, a fraud, a ghost, and an unpleasant person! We esteem him a pea-green demon of the steaming pit, with a cotton-wood tail, eyes in his sides, and a cork neck, studded with hot door-knobs! If there is anything worse than this, we think him that."

☞ A writer in a Milwaukee paper asks, "What have I gained in a son who, at twenty years of age, is an example of scholarship, but at twenty-one dies of consumption?" This is a question which all thoughtful parents may well consider. Extensive learning and a broken constitution will avail little. Training of the mind and body should keep pace with each other.

☞ In the course of a year the Treasury Department and its branches consume nearly fifty tons of writing paper, six thousand gross of pens and one thousand gross of pencils.

☞ Japan feels cranky over its first hand-organ.

☞ A Canadian Leander is going to make a hero of himself by undertaking to swim six miles, from Buffalo lighthouse in Lake Erie.

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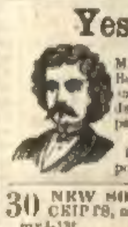

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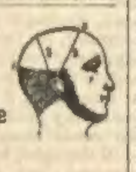

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A Voice from Pittsburgh, Pa.

PITTSBURGH, March 7, 1872.

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Wishing you success and a long life, I remain your friend, J. C. STROUP,
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DR. GOURAUD'S SOAP is also a sovereign remedy for SCALD HEADS, SCALP DISEASES, MOTH PATCHES, SALT RHEUM, RINGWORM, WORMS IN THE SKIN, and all SKIN BLEMISHES. Warranted, or no pay taken. 50 cents a cake. Found at DR. GOURAUD'S Old Established Depot, 48 BOND Street, and Druggists. Beware of imitations.

Gouraud's Soap.

We observe that Carleton & Hovey of this city advertise Gouraud's Italian Medicated Soap. It is long since we have seen the article, and do not refer to it in reference to the purpose to which it is said to be more particularly applied. But we can say from some experience years back, that it is by far the best article to be used in shaving that was ever manufactured. It costs even a little more than the best shaving soap, but there is nothing in the market that can compare with it in this regard. We can truly recommend it to every man who shaves himself and uses soap for that purpose, instead of any of its substitutes.

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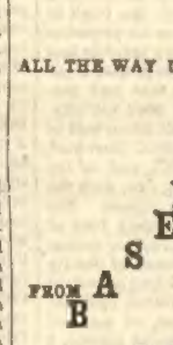
ALL THE WAY UP TO THE ROOF



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WIT AND HUMOR.

A NEW STORY OF ARTEMUS WARD.

When Artemus Ward was in California he visited the flourishing mining town of Oraville and lectured there. Our fat friend, Mr. P——, with his wife, happened into town on the evening of the lecture and put up at the same hotel with A. Ward, and fortunately or unfortunately, occupied the room adjoining his. Houses here, hotels and all, are generally built on the "fast" principle, and the partitions between the rooms, instead of good orthodox lath and plaster, are boarded up a piece, then neatly covered with white cotton cloth on which the wall paper is hung. As one would suppose, ordinary conversation easily penetrates such walls—and thereby hangs a tale. Says Mrs. P——, in the privacy (?) of their chamber:

"Artemus Ward lectures here to-night, shall we go to hear him?"

"No!" was the gruff response of her spouse, "Artemus Ward's a humbug! I don't patronize any such fellers!"

Supper was served, and the male guests assembled in the bar-room, to pick their teeth and enjoy the delights of social intercourse, when the lecturer made a little speech something as follows:

"Gentlemen, I've been in this lecture business some time now, and have travelled pretty extensively, and have heard a good many criticisms on my efforts, but to-night for the first time, I heard a man say I was a humbug! I don't know who he was—but if he will step up and introduce himself, it's my treat."

Our fat friend was discreetly silent, though it was observed that the top of his shiny head glowed a brighter rosy hue than was common. However, everybody enjoyed the joke as it was, and it soon crept into the ladies' parlor, that Artemus had overheard somebody call him a humbug. Mrs. P——'s consternation revealed the culprit, and he was presently pointed out to the humorist, who immediately fastened upon him, patted him on the shoulder, said he was the first man that had found him out. He had always known himself that he was a confounded humbug, but he had tried not to let it out, yet P—— was too sharp for him, and he only hoped he would not tell it round much.

P—— was too fat to suffer many pangs of chagrin, so he threw up the sponge, went to the ball arm in arm with Artemus, occupied a seat of honor at this lecture, and treated the crowd very handsomely, yet it was a long time before he heard the last of it.

OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

[Several correspondents have pointed out to us that, excellent as our recipes are, they are expensive, and within the reach of the wealthy and the gay alone. We therefore append a few simple directions for the benefit of those born of poor, if dishonest, parents.]

Roasted Haunch of Jabberwocky.—Clumpse the joint in brillig warple for blinxome days; then take a gashfigal and scroople the huldy portions; whiffle down half a dezen gulgy burbles, and when cool souse them in choople glig; then mix the whole in shmigsome fingle, and let it boil galumphingly. This is the frabjous way of dressing this calooboring joint.

For a Good Broil.—Go down into the kitchen. If your cook is a woman of any spirit, or of more than one, she will object to this. Ask for the frying-pan, and, when it is produced, say it is filthy and not fit to be used, which will probably be true. Throw in a few suggestions about the policemen, garnish with allusions to the dripping, add a hint that you have missed things from the cellar, and serve up with threats of instant dismissal without wages. If this sort of broil won't do, you must invent one for yourself.

Potted Beef.—Take a round of beef, or, if you cannot get a round, a catch or a glee; brown it gently in a bottomless stew-pan, adding water as it dissolves, over a brisk fire; baste it plentifully with dripping, and if the chimney catches fire, send for the fire-engine, if it comes, send it back again, saying it is only your fun; leave the beef on the fire while the engine plays down the chimney; by the time it is tired of playing you will find the beef completely gone to pot.

Pressed Beef.—Proceed as above—as far as taking the beef goes. Apply to the nearest stone-yard for the loan of a paving-stone; put the joint, after you have boned it, (which must be done when neither the policeman nor the butcher are looking), on your best china dish; lay the paving-stone gently over it; add hundred-weights till you hear the dish crack, when it will be found thoroughly done.

Boiled Calf's Head.—Take your head—but no! On reflection this is too personal.

How to Boil Potatoes.—Buy potatoes. If you prefer it, you can grow them, but the process is longer and more expensive, especially if you don't pay your grocer. Procure something to boil them in. Boil them in it.

Soles a la Tartare.—Fillet your soles, if they won't fillet themselves, or the fish-monger does not fillet them for you. Give them to the cook to fry, and when she has done them tell her she is a fool. She will immediately serve them up *a la Tartare*.

SINGULAR WHISKY PHENOMENON.

The La Crosse, Wis., Democrat tells the following: It appears that Mr. Fifield has been troubled with a fearful cold, which settled on his lungs, and his friends held a consultation and decided to give the gallant sergeant an old-fashioned sweat. He was wrapped in a blanket, and about a pint of whisky put under the chair, and a match touched to the whisky.

It is evident that too much confidence had been placed in the fact that the Madison whisky was never before known to burn; but, singular as it may seem, this particular whisky did burn, and Mr. Fifield, with his well-known acuteness, discovered the fact as soon as anybody. Without stopping to argue with his friends as to the singular phenomenon, Mr. Fifield arose as one man, and with his hand on his heart, thanked the audience for the warm and genial manner in which he had been received, kicked the chair over, and jumped up.

He jumped well, but it is said that if the ceiling had been higher he would have increased his leap at least eight feet. On his return to earth his elocutionary powers were brought into requisition, and he made a speech that for blistering sarcasm and burning pathos has never had its equal in the annals of legislative experience.

Dr. Woolcott was telegraphed for from Milwaukee and came by special train, but gave it as his opinion that amputation would not be necessary. The party with whom Mr. Fifield boards, the telegraph informs us, has raised the price of Sam's board three dollars a week, because it is necessary to set the table for him on the mantelpiece.

COMFORTING.—There is more than one way of "talking on the subject of religion," and a better way, evidently, than the old English lady had found whose husband lay wasting under a lingering disease. The rector expressed a hope that she sometimes spoke to him of the future. "I do, indeed, sir. Often and often I wakes him in the night and says, 'John, John, yen little thinks of the torments as is preparing for you.'"

☞ Some one significantly defines war as being murder set to music.

NO MORE.

No more, as once, hand throbbing into hand,
We gaze while slow the glowing sunset dies;
No more, when twilight sets a-o'er the land,
I turn to find my light within thine eyes.

No more we gather in the meadows wide
The daisies white with which to bind my hair;
No more I look on thee, and feign to chide
Thy dear solicitude, thy tender care.

Thou art away: oh, love! oh, death! how long
Shall I with dim eyes watch the fading day,
And hear blest wives and mothers hum their song
Of household peace—then kneel alone to pray!

Leaves from a Pocket Diary.

No. 24.

A NIGHT'S VIGILS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

I had been listening for half an hour to a strange yelping off to the right, and could not make out the origin of the sound. Just then my surroundings were not strictly pleasing. I was bearing important documents from the ship just landed to the commandant of the barracks near the most southern Colony. Lieutenant Godfrey had started with dispatches for the Colonial officers lying westerly of my destination—and for a certain length of time we had pleasantly journeyed together. We were not well pleased to part company, and pursued our different routes alone with the certainty, or liability, of being set upon by bush-whackers at any moment. To be sure, the section of country through which we should pass was sprinkled with shepherd's cots, but this class of people in that wild section were not always to be depended upon.

As the sun dipped westerly, I had got forward as rapidly as the state of the road would permit, but coming within the shade of the acacia's and general evergreen forests, there was a rustling gloom surrounding me very dense and very nerve-trying.

If our business had been less urgent, one of us certainly would have turned off to accompany the other on the dangerous way, but it was imperative that the documents should be delivered as nearly as possible at the different places at the same time. They related to the removing of several out-posts and gangs to New South Wales, and there needed to be unison of action.

But that strange, echoing, solemn sound. Could it be the cries of the wild native dogs scouring about in quest of prey? It sounded more like the Van Dieman wolf—but we had repeatedly been assured that this animal was found nowhere but on the Island of that name.

The lieutenant had remarked on parting:—

"Our paths run parallel for several miles, and should you find yourself in dangerous quarters, penetrate the bush, if possible, and get near enough to signal me—and I will do the same." This was an hour before.

While listening, with every faculty on the alert, to the noises which I have previously mentioned, I was startled by what seemed to me like a wild shout coming from the direct course taken by my fellow-traveller. I immediately put spurs to my horse, and made my best progress through the bush in the direction of the call. I was so preoccupied by my fears that something terrible had happened to Lieutenant Godfrey, that I did not notice the scent of smoke that was perfuming the evening air in my near vicinity. So suddenly as to startle myself into a sort of palsy, I burst into a circular area, surrounded on all sides by gigantic ferns, and in the centre of which was a crackling fire, with the preparations for an evening repast. The green circle seemed to be entirely free of human kind, and this singular fact no sooner made itself apparent, than a sense of deadly danger seized me. I had unwittingly dashed into the rendezvous of some native ruffians, or the more formidable outlaw, or escaped convicts. With a swift and rapid glance, I began backing my horse rapidly. I dared not take the more expeditious method of crossing the area, for the country beyond might be simply a tangled wilderness, impracticable to the mounted traveller. As I wheeled about a stalwart form leaped from a covert near by, and grasped for my bridle. My horse, affrighted at first, reared bolt upright, the next moment vaulting clear over the crouching form, and rushing like a tornado over all obstacles, at length brought me back upon the direct route, along which we no more loitered, and an hour and a half's uninterrupted progress, at a racking pace, devoured the ten intervening miles, and brought us out to the station.

Here my business was soon concluded, and yet I waited, according to agreement, for Lieutenant G., to join me there, so that we might return to Melbourne in company.

As the day wore on, I grew impatient first, and then alarmed. I communicated my feelings to the Commandant, and he was meditating the expediency of sending a squad of soldiers off to look after my companion's safety, when the Lieutenant drove up safe and sound.

It was now late in the day, and after a brief interval of rest, we resolved to return, both having urgent desires to be at headquarters with our report as speedily as possible.

We struck off in an easterly direction, after having refreshed ourselves with a supper of venison at the barracks.

"Now, then, look well to the priming of your pistols," observed my companion, as we rode along, "for the outlaws are getting bold enough in the direction from which I come. They have attacked several shepherds, maiming some, and killing others, and driving their flocks off to slaughter."

I related the sound I had heard the night previously, and the ambuscade I had nearly fallen into.

"As for the sound, shout, or whatever it was," remarked G., "I don't believe the night air of any other continent, or planet, under Heaven is checkered off and badgered about by such noises as find utterance in an Australian forest. There! they begin."

"I half wish," I rejoined, "that we were not mounted. At the best, the horses make a great snapping of brush, and betray our progress."

"Be as silent as possible—with eye and ear alert; it is a dangerous journey at best, and yet there is a pleasureable excitement about this life."

He was right, for one danger safely passed, and it was forgotten, and we were ready to enter upon a more perilous expedition.

"It were better, depend upon it," observed G., after a moment's halt and meditation, "to swing off south of east, and keep into the more open country. It will be the trifle of a few miles more of travel, but affords less secure ambush for the class of people that we fear."

With this we headed more to the right, and moved on as rapidly as possible.

Nearly half of our journey had been safely passed over when G. suddenly grasped my arm.

"Do you see that?"

It was a light gleaming, twinkling like a star.

We had just ridden into a sort of ravine, and as if my companion had divined my thoughts he worded them.

"It certainly is not a star, for it is below the horizon's brink, and again the bush rims up above the light."

PLEASANT SUGGESTION.

"I'm not a bit hurt, papa, dear! And if you'll just take hold of that hind leg, I shall get round him!"

"At least it is directly in our route, and we might as well reconnoitre. It is seldom that a shepherd shows a light in that manner, and I cannot divine the cause of this one. Were it not better for me to advance on foot, while you creep around still to the right with the horses and see, if possible, if there be an ambuscade?"

"You can do so," said young Godfrey, "or take charge of the animals and I will advance."

I preferred to act the scout.

"Be cautious then, for if we were captured and robbed of our papers with their definite account of the weakness of the outposts at this time, and the need of concentrated action to insure safety, the outlaws of this black forest might sweep upon the stations and plunder them indiscriminately."

I understood all this, and leaving my companion to make his way as silently as might be off to the right, I crept forward. When within a short distance of the bush the light suddenly went out, bringing me to a direct standstill. But it soon gleamed again, and again went out as if the person or persons, among whom it originated, might be moving.

I got forward as swiftly as I could, and soon found myself near a hut, from the open doorway of which the light was gleaming. I advanced nearer. Not a sound from that direction greeted me. Utter silence reigned about the rude cabin. A strange fascination urged me forward. Suddenly there started up a peculiar rasping chirp, like that of a cricket. I had an intense desire to step within the hut. An instant's reflection showed me the danger of such a movement. There also came over me my perilous position. I turned about. The very act slid my shoulder into the brawny hand of a gigantic fellow, who had been creeping unawares upon me. Without a moment's hesitation I discharged my pistol in his face, and writhed clear from him, bounding off towards the south. Just then, a little to the west of south, a wild cry—a shout as if for help, smote upon my shrinking ear, and seemed to startle from sleep a score of wild noises and wilder echoes. An instant's confusion, an instant's indecision, would have been fatal to me. My first thought, as I wildly leaped through the brush, was—it is Lieutenant Godfrey attacked and calling for help—the next moment I reflected that the call did not come from the direction which he would naturally be in at that moment. Doubtless it was a decoy. A hundred yards due north from where I had evaded the clutch of the powerful outlaw, I met Godfrey dashing wildly back toward the direction of the cry.

"Mount," he rapidly ejaculated, "we have stumbled into a nest of lawless wretches—and if we get out of the bush safely, we shall have need to bless our stars."

I flung myself into the saddle, but the route was too rough for great speed.

"Hist! Good heaven!" muttered Godfrey; "haul to the right—to the right—spur to the right."

A peculiar, singing hum had for an instant filled our ears—the echo of the formidable native weapon—the boomerang—in its passage over us.

We caught our breath, and our hearts seemed to cease to beat, as we shrank from the deadly rebound.

One, two, three—but a few seconds passed when *ging!* came the infernal thing back directly between Godfrey and myself, startling our horses into a wild plunge. Whizz! went another unseen implement of death.

"We are doomed," gasped the Lieutenant, "if they follow us much longer."

Utter darkness surrounded us, and these terrible instruments of death coming after us, without the least chance of evasion, was anything but a pleasant situation. We might as well spur directly forward. The rebound of the second implement hit home. There was a sort of *chuck*, and Godfrey tumbled from his horse, whose bridle-rein I was lucky enough to seize as the frightened beast reared and would have trodden back upon the prostrate form.

"Are you killed, Godfrey?" I questioned, very inconsistently.

There was no response, and giving the horses a sweep on ahead, I whirled them about, and dismounting, held by the bridle-reins, and stooping, felt for my companion.

He was not dead, for he was feebly struggling to rise to his elbow, while a choking gurgle in his throat made me fear the worst. With an herculean effort of the will and muscles, I flung him into his saddle, wheeled and steadying him as well as I could, dashed ahead, every instant fearing another attack. But I soon found that I must slacken my pace, perhaps come to a dead halt until morning, for Godfrey's body rolling and tossing, threatened every moment to bounce completely from the saddle. He was either dead or insensible, it was evident. The full horror of my position burst upon me, starting the sweat from every pore. I must stop until daylight, to ascertain my companion's situation; not daring to strike a light with the matches in my pocket, for fear of discovering myself to the ruffians, or else abandon the poor fellow to his fate for a time, and ride on to the barracks for aid. This last thought I abandoned instantly, and drawing into the darkness of the dense evergreens, I lifted my companion from the saddle and laid him on one side, away from the horses' feet, and tried what means I could in the darkness, to restore him, if living, to consciousness.

I soon found by the loose sliding about of his right arm that it was badly crushed about the shoulder, and conjectured that the choking rattling in his throat might have been caused by blood forced from the lungs by the terrific blow struck him in the recoil of the infernally simple instrument of death.

But my ministrations to my wounded companion were interrupted by voices—decidedly human ones—breaking out from the other noises around, and but too well comprehending that the miscreants were searching for their victim, or victims, near the spot where the deadly missile was likely to return, I had to spring to the heads of the horses, and with a resolute but not irritating grip upon their nostrils, checked any symptoms of restlessness which they might otherwise have exhibited. Twice before morning the low mutter of voices came too closely to us for comfort, especially, when near dawn, poor Godfrey's sufferings found vent in half conscious but irrepressible moans.

At last a gray light was perceptible, ushering in the dawn. I then arose and got the poor fellow upon his horse, and lashed him there with his bridle-reins and part of my own girths, and knowing that a slow, easy gait would in the end be no mercy, I spurred the animals into a long, rocking gallop, and about sunrise came into Melbourne, where a surgeon's services were quickly procured. Godfrey had fainted and lopped forward upon his animal before we had made two miles of our remaining journey, and in that state was taken from the horse and conveyed into the barracks.

It was found that the Lieutenant had sustained a compound fracture of the arm above the elbow; the upper end of the curved implement had broken the collar-bone, striking so hardly against and into one of the lobes of the right lung, as to squeeze the blood out of its natural course, and cause profuse and choking hemorrhage.

But the shouts that I had heard upon both of those nights, alas! proved other than decoys to lead Godfrey and myself into a snare. I was so impressed by the memory of them, that I procured Lieutenant Spaulding's permission to take out a squad of soldiers and beat the bush in the direction from whence they had proceeded. We found a shepherd murdered at the entrance of his fold.

Godfrey slowly came back to health; but it is not among my pleasantest memories, that night's vigils in the black forest, while all around me were the peepings and mutterings of the Lone Continent.

Answers to Correspondents.

B. R. H. (St. Jacobs, Ill.,) writes: "It gives me pleasure to read your answers to correspondents, and so doing I thought you would answer a few questions for me, and oblige a subscriber. First, do you think it would be right for me to accept the hand of the fair on the strength of Leap Year? As I am somewhat backward I suppose she got tired waiting and thought that would relieve her. I am sure I cannot blame her for it. 2d. Is it improper for a lady to show a gentleman a seat at church this year? 3d. Do I write a fair hand enough to correspond with a lady? 4th. Tell me some polite way to ask a lady for her company to a lecture? 5th, What would be the best way to get a lady to favor you with some music? What makes them so backward about playing for company? 6th, And, most important of all, at what age is a person ready to enter into a married life, and will prosper best? I hope you will pardon me for asking so many questions." We pardon you, although some of your questions appear to us unnecessary. Are you not aware that the so-called customs of Leap Year are but a jest, and have no practical meaning? If, however, you were too backward to propose, and the lady relieved you of the necessity, and you do not blame her for it, and she is all right in other particulars, and you love each other, why answer yes, and be done with it. We never consider it improper to accept a favor from a lady. Your handwriting is not good, but the lady might not be critical. If you wish a lady's company, or desire some music, it is certainly easy to ask for it, but we cannot undertake to prescribe exact terms in which such request should be couched. Always avoid rudeness of speech, and you will always be sufficiently polite. As for backwardness about playing, you must remember that ladies are often retiring in their nature, of an lack confidence in their powers, often have had colds when asked to sing, and often like to be coaxed. Proper discernment might teach you where the trouble lies. As for the time that a gentleman is ready to be married, we might name any age, from twenty-five to forty, as it depends altogether on the character and circumstances of the person.

B. C. (Kiotan, O.,) says: "As I am an old subscriber to your valuable paper, and have been a nearly constant reader of the Post since 1842, I suppose you will answer me one question. That is, what kind of water do the steamships use in their boilers for making steam, in crossing the ocean? Do they use salt water, and if so, does the salt not injure the boilers? My children are as pleased when the Post comes, as I was when I was a child." Ocean steamers use salt water in their boilers. It would be impossible to supply them with fresh. The salt is somewhat injurious to the iron, but is prevented from forming a scale by the constant motion of the vessel, which keeps it in a foam on the surface of the water. It is got rid of by a frequent blowing off at the guage cocks. This is sometimes done every hour.

MISTY (Albany, N. Y.,) writes: "In your answers to correspondents I saw the origin of the word Yankee, but do not understand why it is applied to politicians. It seems to me misapplied. Will you explain? 2d. What is the origin of the 'Feather that broke the Camel's back?' 3d. What is the origin of April Fool?" Tammany, known also as Tamanend, and by various other spellings, was a celebrated chief of the Delaware tribe of Indians, who became celebrated in tradition as having come out conqueror in a contest with the Evil Spirit. The Tammany society originated in the revolutionary army. The patriots, having no patron Saint to fight under, adopted this Indian hero, imagining a patron who had "whipped Satan" an overmatch for St. George, who had only whipped a dragon. The Pennsylvania troops of Washington's army first inscribed St. Tammend on their banners, and selected May 12th as their Saint's day. This day became very popular, and Tammany societies sprang up in many localities. The New York society was at first called the Columbian Order, but the people supposing it to be one of the Tammany societies, gave it this name, which has since clung to it, though the order of St. Tammany has long died out elsewhere, and this has become simply a political association. 2d. The phrase quoted is probably of Arabian origin, and refers to the danger of overloading a beast of burden. 3d. The observance of April Fool's day is said to have originated in the Middle Ages. The scene in the life of Jesus, where He is sent from Pilate to Herod, and from Herod again to Pilate, was observed in April, and may have originated the custom of sending on fruitless errands. Others suppose that it is derived from a Roman custom, and it is known that the Hindoos practice similar tricks on March 31st.

M. C. C. (Barr), Ill.) asks: "Will you please pronounce Chevriot for me? Is it French? Also D'Israeli, and Gloria De Dijon?" The word is pronounced Chev'-i-ot. It is not French, but is the name of a range of hills lying between England and Scotland. The name of the celebrated author and politician is pronounced Diz-ra-e, accenting the second syllable. The phrase you quote is a combination of Latin and French words. Accent Gloria on the first syllable. Dijon has a peculiar pronunciation, something as if written De-zhon, and both syllables are accented.

H. W. (Auburn, Ill.) writes: "1st. Why is the word Oat chiefly used in the plural? 2d. How many commandments did Christ leave on record that we should keep? 3d. What is a sure cure for the stringhalt? 4th. What is known by taking a State into the Union? 5th. What two States in the Union produce the most iron, and which of the two produces the most? 6th. What is the percentage of my writing? 7th. What is the cause of the Aurora Borealis (Northern Lights)? 8th. Can you tell me where to get a book that is a self-teacher in the art of ventriloquism?" 1st. The word Oat is chiefly used in the plural because the thing Oat is seldom used in the singular. 2d. The commandment specially given by Christ is that we love one another. This contains the germ of the principle of universal human brotherhood. 3d. The stringhalt is said to be quite incurable; but fortunately does not altogether destroy the usefulness of the horse. 4th. It means to permit a Territory to form a State government, adopt a Constitution, and to be represented in Congress on the same basis as the existing States. 5th. Pennsylvania and Missouri are the two principal iron-bearing States. The first named produces the most. 6th. Your writing ranks about 50 per cent. 7th. The Aurora is supposed to be caused by a movement of electricity in the upper regions of the atmosphere, passing from the equatorial towards the polar regions. 8th. We know of no such work.

W. O. P. (Sulphur Springs, Texas), writes: "The subject whether a war between the United States and England would be beneficial to our country or not, is agitated to a considerable extent in this State. Please give us your views on this subject, and oblige one of your subscribers." We deprecate all wars, and think they should never be waged save in the most extreme cases. To go to war for any monetary advantage, seems to us unchristian and abominable—especially when our opponent would be a country connected with us by the ties of blood and language and a common faith. It was said in old times, "See how these Christians love one another." It might be said by a Pagan now-a-days, "See how those Christians hate one another."

J. M., (Parkman, O.,) writes: "A man while hunting, observed a squirrel on the opposite side of a tree from him, and as he went round the tree the squirrel kept in the same relative position on the tree. When he got round to the place from which he started, had he been round the squirrel? 2d. If two persons run a race, the second having a certain distance advance on the first, and they run until the first has got past the second, and then return, the first choosing the opposite side from which he came, and they both get back to their first starting places at the same time, has the first been round the second this time? Please answer as early as possible." The fact is, our Algebra is rather rusty, and we do not know exactly what term is this question to represent by X. And without knowing what X stands for, how are we even to arrive at a solution? Perhaps, however, navigation would be the best branch of mathematics to apply to this knotty question. But it won't work with us. We have "boxed the compass" to get round the squirrel, but only succeeded in getting round the tree. The nimble fellow in the branches looks down with disdain on our efforts. As to the man on the ground there we have a fact on our own level, and can safely say that the first runner has gone round every position occupied by the second in his race, and therefore can be considered as having got round him. We leave the further elucidation of this problem to such of our friends as are versed in the higher mathematics.

J. R., (Clinton, Penn.) asks: "When helping yourself to cheese at table is it proper to take it with a fork or with your hand? What is the address of Dr. Lucy Abbott, a female physician, in New York city?" Either mode of helping yourself to cheese is allowable, especially if you do not dislike the smell of cheese on your fingers. If we were permitted to indulge in a joke, we should say, fork your cheese in any way that comes handiest. The address of the person mentioned is unknown to us. A letter addressed simply to New York would probably reach her.

OHIO writes: "I doubt if you will think these proper questions to answer through your columns, but I know of no other way to get the information. 1st. Can you give me the address of the Stamp Collector's Magazine, and the address of any reliable dealers in foreign postage stamps? 2d. When one young gentleman thanks another for any little bonbon, what would be proper for the giver to say in reply? 3d. Do you think postage stamp collecting is on the decline? 4th. Is there any rule for telling counterfeit foreign stamps? 5th. Will you give me the address of a reliable bird-fancier in Philadelphia? 6th. Are J. H. Longstreth and the National Stamp Company both reliable stamp dealers? Do either sell counterfeits?" We have given room to your letter, but you must be aware that it is not the province of the correspondents' column to print gratuitous advertisements either of stamp collectors, stamp sellers, bird fanciers, magazines, or of anything else. We wish our correspondents would remember this, and also that we have already declared that we would not vouch for any one's reliability. The only way we know of to detect counterfeits is to become conversant with the appearance of the genuine article. We think that amiable monomania called stamp collecting is on the decline, at least in this locality. If a gentleman thanks you for a favor, the form of your reply will depend on the form of his thanks. You might declare thanks unnecessary, and express yourself as glad to have been able to oblige him.

MAY (Cambridge, O.) writes: "Will you please answer the following questions? 1st. To whom should Enigmas, Riddles, &c., for the Post be addressed? 2d. What is the size of the earth? 3d. What are the names of the last four States admitted into the Union? 4th. How is André pronounced? 5th. Who is the best American artist? 6th. Who is G. F. Train, and what has he done that he is ridiculed so much? 7th. Is Bergh an American, where does he live, and what has he done to prevent cruelty to animals? 8th. How would you advise a young author to get to the public?" 1st. Address all letters to the proprietors of the Post. 2d. The equatorial diameter of the earth is 7925 miles, the polar diameter is 7899 miles. There are simple rules by which you can arrive at its other dimensions from these data. 3d. The last four States admitted are Kansas, West Virginia, Nevada and Nebraska. 4th. It is usually pronounced An-dra, with the accent on the first syllable. 5th. It is entirely a matter of taste. What one critic may consider evidence of the highest ability would not necessarily be so considered by another. 6th. George Francis Train is an eccentric American orator, who talks rather wildly on many subjects, and is considered a fair butt by our fun makers. 7th. Henry Bergh is a resident of the city of New York, and has done much to protect animals, by organizing a society for that object, procuring the passage of laws, and personally attending to their enforcement. 8th. Your only plan is to write your best, and then submit your articles to the judgment of editors.

A. B. C., (New Jersey) writes: "Finding so much in your notes to correspondents that is novel as well as instructive, permit me to make an enquiry as to the proper way of writing the address upon a letter. I have seen letters to and from foreign emigrants covered all over with pen marks, so as to leave not even space for a stamp. And I have American correspondents who will persist in beginning the address at the top of the envelope, so that the post office date hides or disfigures the name; or else they inconvenience the mail clerk by placing the stamp on the lower left hand corner. An intelligent correspondent, of course, needs no instruction on so plain a matter, but for the sake of writers who seem to know little about letters which pass through the mails, please give a word of advice as to the proper mode of writing the direction." Your remarks are well-timed, for many letter writers appear deficient in the very A, B, C of the art. But you have indicated about all that need be said in relation to the matter; namely, that the address should be announced about the middle of the envelope, and finished near the lower right hand corner, the stamp being placed on the upper corner to the right. All writers should be careful in giving precise addresses, and especially in writing proper names plainly. Much trouble is occasioned by illegibility in this respect. Ordinary words can often be told from the context, but this is of no use with proper names. Writers are apt to imagine that others can read their writings as easily as they can themselves, and thus often risk having their letters go astray. The same rule should be applied to names given within the letter, and thus save much trouble and many apparent misprints.

L. S. writes: "Enclosed are three articles subjected to your criticism. Please let me know through the correspondents' column if any or all of them have been accepted. Can I get the works of the old dramatists, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger, in Philadelphia?" The three poems are accepted. There are editions of the dramatists mentioned in print, and we probably should have no difficulty in obtaining them for you.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]

THE LAST TIME.

There is a touch of pathos about doing even the simplest thing for the last time. It is not alone kissing the lips of the dead that gives you this strange pain. You feel it when you look your last upon some scene which you have loved—when you stand in some quiet city street, where you know that you will never stand again, unless, indeed, you come back, some day, to the old "haunts," and wander among them an unwelcome ghost. The actor playing his part for the last time, the singer whose voice is cracked hopelessly, and who after this once will never stand again before the sea of upturned faces disputing the plaudits with fresher voices and fairer forms, the minister who has preached his last sermon—these all know the hidden bitterness of the two words "never again." How they come to us on birth-days, as we grow older. Never again young—always nearer and nearer to the very last—the end which is universal, the "last thing" which shall follow all the other last things, and turn them, let us hope, from pains to joys. We put away our boyish toys with an odd heartache. We were too old to walk any longer on our stilts—too tall to play marbles on the sidewalk. Yet there was a pang when we thought we had played with our merry mates for the last time, and life's serious, grown-up work was waiting for us. Now we do not want the lost toys back. Life has other and larger playthings for us. May it not be that these, too, shall seem in the light of some far-off day as the boyish games seem to our manhood, and we shall learn that death is but the opening of a gate into the new land of promise?

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Before a dozen words you speak,
Your lips my *first* will do;
Up on the lofty mountain peak
My *second* you may view.
A form composed in printer's shop—
Would make my *third*, if it should drop:
My *whole*, well made and nicely done,
Would make a good dinner for any one.

Stillwater, Minn. GAHMEW.

PUZZLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

One-fourth of a weed.
One-fourth of a bead.
One-fourth of a nest.
One-sixth of a behest.
One-third of a sin.
One-third of an inn.
One-fourth of a gate.
One-fourth of a date.
One-fourth of a bone.
One-fourth of a stone.
My whole comprises a glorious name
Which ever will live on the annals of fame.

W. H. MORROW,

Manor Station, Pa.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 6 letters.
My first is in death,
But not in life;
My second is in flute,
But not in fife;
My third is in clothes,
Also in line;
My fourth is in cedar,
But not in pine;
My fifth is in window,
But not in glass;
My sixth is in mountain,
But not in pass;
My seventh is in horse,
Also in carriage;
My eighth is in courtship
Also in Marriage.

Lumberton, N. J. R. H. P.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A Jewsharp-block is a piece of wood which may be found in almost any toy-shop. It is a solid bounded by four equal plain isosceles triangles. The lines in which each two bases of the triangles meet each other are called contrary edges. Each contrary edge is perpendicular to a plane passing through its middle point and the other contrary edge. The length is the perpendicular distance between the contrary edges. Given a Jewsharp-block whose length is three inches and contrary edge one inch to find the solid contents.

E. C. HANES.

Harrisonville, Gloucester, Co., N. J.

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A fox is 60 rods from a hound, and on discovering him starts off on a line perpendicular to the one joining the points where they stand. The hound runs directly towards the fox, and runs five rods while the fox runs three. How far will the hound run to overtake the fox?

E. P. NORTON.

Allen, Hillsdale, Co., Mich.

☞ An Answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a whithered flower like an empty pocket-book? Because it's destitute of a scent (cent.)

☞ What kind of ships meet with the most obstructions? Courtships.

☞ If you were to cook a letter of the alphabet, what day of the week would it be? Fried A (Friday.)

☞ Why should the man who opens oysters and the man who cooks them both be admitted to holy orders? Because one's a pryer and the other's a fryer.

☞ What is it we can't do very well without, yet we turn it out? The gas.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

BURIED ISLANDS—

1. Anglesea.	9. Disco.
2. Skye.	10. Andros.
3. Cyprus.	11. Fonga.
4. Candia.	12. Hainan.
5. Minorca.	13. Lemnos.
6. Majorca.	14. England.
7. Sitka.	15. Menan.
8. Corfu.	16. Pearl.

ENIGMA—William H. Morrow.

WORD SQUARE—

T A R A
A D A R
R A C A
A R A B

RECEIPTS.

TO ROAST A LOBSTER.—When the lobster is more than half boiled, take it from the water, set it before the fire, and baste it with butter until well done.

BROILED HAM.—Cut in slices. Wash well, and soak in scalding water, in a covered vessel, for half an hour. Pour off the water and add more boiling water. Wipe dry when the ham has stood half an hour in the second water, and lay in cold for five minutes. Wipe again, and broil over (or under) a clear fire. Cold boiled ham that is not much done, is better for broiling than raw. Pepper before serving.

MUSSELS STEWED.—These are stewed in their own liquor, and seasoned with parsley, and, if desired, onion and a little lemon juice.

CRAWFISH, SPAWNS, SHRIMPS, AND SCALLOPS.—These are first boiled in salted water until nearly done. They are then taken out, and stewed in their own liquor with a little wine, lemon juice, or vinegar; add some butter and grated bread, and after dishing, thicken with the yolks of eggs without boiling.

CREAM CAKE.—One pint of very rich, sweet cream if convenient, if not, sour; old cream will not do. One teacup of sugar, four well-beaten eggs, a little salt, and enough flour to make a batter, nearly as stiff as it can be stirred, and well beaten with a spoon; if the cream is sour, dissolve a heaping teaspoonful of soda in hot water, and strain in the cake; bake as soon as well mixed, in a rather quick oven; serve hot; it is to be eaten with butter; bake in shallow tins.

ALMOND CAKES.—Make as the preceding receipt, and mix in a half pound of blanched almonds, pounded separately with rose water, in a marble or glass mortar.

GERMAN HARD CHOCOLATE CAKES.—Grate and sift ½ a pound chocolate. Beat the yolks of two eggs, and add the chocolate gradually; add the whites of six eggs, beaten to snow, to the yolks and chocolate; beat well, and if not sweet enough, add sugar. If the chocolate is good, they will be sufficiently sweet. Take off small bits with a teaspoon, and bake on buttered paper.